THE WORLD.

BY

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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MDCCLVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of Corke.

MY LORD,

IT is uſual in churches, when an organ, an altar-piece, or ſome other valuable ornament is given by the bounty of any particular perſon, to ſet forth in very conſpicuous characters the name of the benefactor. In imitation of this cuſtom, I take the liberty of prefixing your Lordſhip's name to a volume of the WORLD, that I may ſignify to the public by whoſe bounty it has been ornamented.

BUT your Lordſhip is not the only one of your family to whom the WORLD has been indebted; and it

is

DEDICATION.

is with great pleaſure that I embrace this occaſion of making my acknowledgments to the EARL OF CORKE, as it gives me an opportunity at the ſame time of confeſſing my obligations to MR. BOYLE.

I WILL not offend your Lordſhip with the common flattery of dedications, having always obſerved that praiſe is leaſt pleaſing, where it is moſt due: a conſideration that obliges me to add no more, than that

I am,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Obliged,

Moſt Humble,

and Moſt Obedient

Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

NUMB. 105. THURSDAY, *January* 2, 1755.

AS I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair countrywomen, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow the affectation and abuse of their persons, to reflect contempt and ridicule upon their understandings.

NATIVE, artleſs beauty has long been the peculiar diſtinction of my fair fellow-ſubjects. Our poets have long ſung their genuine lilies and roſes, and our painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed by perſons of unqueſtioned truth and ſagacity, and indeed I have obſerved but too many inſtances of it myſelf, that a great number of thoſe ineſtimable originals, by a ſtrange inverſion of things, give the lie to their poets, and ſervily copy their painters; degrading and diſguiſing themſelves into worſe copies of bad copies of themſelves. It is even whiſpered about town of that excellent artiſt, Mr. Liotard, that he lately refuſed a fine woman to draw her picture, alledging that he never copied anybody's works but his own and GOD ALMIGHTY's.

I HAVE taken great pains to inform myſelf of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of *ſelf-painting* (I had almoſt given it a harder term) and I am ſorry to ſay, that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The preſent ſtate of it, in its ſeveral degrees, appears to be this.

THE

THE inferior claſs of women, who always ape their betters, make uſe of a ſort of rough-caſt, little ſuperior to the common lath and plaiſter, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the caſual profits of the evening.

THE claſs immediately above theſe, paint occaſionally, either in ſize or oil, which at ſixpence per foot ſquare, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

THE generality of women of faſhion make uſe of a ſuperfine ſtucco, or plaiſter of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with ſome ſlight occaſional repairs, laſt as long as their curls, and ſtand a pretty ſtrong colliſion.

As for the tranſcendent and divine pearl powder, with an exquiſite varniſh ſuperinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reſerved for ladies not only of the firſt rank, but of the moſt conſiderable fortunes; it being ſo very coſtly, that few pin-moneys can keep a face in it, as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the ſame number of pearls *whole*, might be more acceptable to ſome lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face.

I WOULD now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error, which groſs as it is, they too fondly entertain. They flatter themſelves that this artificial is not diſcoverable, or diſtinguiſhable from native white. But I beg leave to aſſure them, that however well prepared the colour may be, or however ſkillful the hand that lays it on, it is immediately diſcovered by the eye at a conſiderable diſtance, and by the noſe upon a nearer approach; and I overheard the other day at the coffee-houſe captain Phelim M°Manus complaining, that when warm upon the face it had the moſt nauſeous taſte imaginable. Thus offenſive to three of the ſenſes, it is not, probably, very inviting to a fourth.

TALKING upon this ſubject lately with a friend, he ſaid, that in his opinion, a woman who painted white, gave the public a pledge of her chaſtity, by fortifying it with a wall, which ſhe muſt be ſure that no man would deſire either to batter or ſcale. But I confeſs I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the conſequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they loſe both *operam et oleum*. I have obſerved that many of the ſagacious landlords of this great metropolis,

who

who lett lodgings, do at the beginning of the winter, new vamp, paint, and ſtucco the fronts of their houſes, in order to catch the eyes of paſſengers, and engage lodgers. Now to ſay the truth, I cannot help ſuſpecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair country-women, when they thus incruſt themſelves. But alas! thoſe outward repairs will never tempt people to *inquire within*. The caſes are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preſerve, in the latter they diſguſt and deſtroy.

In order therefore to put an effectual ſtop to this enormity, and ſave, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations of my beautiful fellow-ſubjects, I here give notice, that if within one kalendar month from the date hereof (I allow that time for the conſumption of ſtock in hand) I ſhall receive any authentic teſtimonies (and I have my ſpies abroad) of this ſophiſtication and adulteration of the faireſt works of nature, I am reſolved to publiſh at full length the names of the delinquents. This may perhaps at firſt ſight ſeem a bold meaſure; and actions of ſcandal and defama-

tion may be thought of: but I go upon ſafe ground; for before I took this reſolution, I was determined to know all the worſt poſſible conſequences of it to myſelf, and therefore conſulted one of the moſt eminent council in England, an old acquaintance and friend of mine, whoſe opinion I ſhall here moſt faithfully relate.

When I had ſtated my caſe to him as clearly as I was able, he ſtroaked his chin for ſome time, picked his noſe, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me his very beſt opinion. "By "publiſhing the names at full length in your "paper, I humbly conceive, ſaid he, that you "avoid all the troubleſome conſequences of "*innuendo's*. But the preſent queſtion, if I "apprehend it aright, ſeems to be, whether "you may thereby be liable to any other "action, or actions, which, for brevity ſake, "I will not here enumerate. Now by what "occurs to me off-hand, and without con-"ſulting my books, I humbly apprehend that "no action at all will lie againſt you; but on "the contrary I do conceive, and indeed take "upon me to affirm, that you may proceed "againſt theſe criminals, for ſuch I will be

"bold

" bold to call them, either by action or in-
" dictment; the crime being of a public and
" a heinous nature. Here is not only the
" *ſuppreſſio veri*, which is highly penal, but
" the *crimen falſi* too. An *action popular*, or
" of *qui tam* would certainly lie; but however
" I ſhould certainly prefer an indictment up-
" on the ſtatutes of forgery, 2. Geo. 2. cap.
" 25. and 7. Geo. 2. cap. 22. for forgery I
" maintain it, it is. The fact, as you well
" know, will be tried by a jury, of whom one
" moiety will doubtleſs be plaiſterers; ſo that
" it will unqueſtionably be found." Here my council pauſed for ſome time, and hemmed pretty often; however I remained ſilent, obſerving plainly by his countenance that he had not finiſhed, but was thinking on. In a little time he reſumed his diſcourſe, and ſaid, " All
" things conſidered, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would
" adviſe you to bring your indictment upon
" the *Black Act*, 9. Geo. 1. cap. 22. which
" is a very fine penal ſtatute." I confeſs I could not check the ſudden impulſe of ſurprize which this occaſioned in me, and interrupting him perhaps too haſtily, " What, ſir, ſaid I,
" indict a woman upon the *Black Act* for

" *painting White?*" Here my council, interrupting me in his turn, ſaid with ſome warmth, " Mr. Fitz-Adam, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like " too many others, have not ſufficiently con- " ſidered all the beauty, good ſenſe and ſolid " reaſoning of the law. The law, ſir, let me " tell you, abhors all refinements, ſubtleties " and quibblings upon words. What is black " or white to the law? Do you imagine that " the law views colours by the rules of optics? " No, God forbid it ſhould. The law makes " black white, or white black, according to " the rules of juſtice. The law conſiders the " meaning, the intention, the *quo animo* of all " actions, not their external modes. Here a " woman diſguiſes her face with white, as the " Waltham people did with black, and with " the ſame fraudulent and felonious intention. " Though the colour be different, the guilt is " the ſame in the intendment of the law. It " is felony without benefit of clergy, and the " puniſhment is death." As I perceived that my friend had now done, I aſked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myſelf convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but ſoon return-

ed,

ed, by reflection upon our long acquaintance and friendſhip.

THIS I hope will be ſufficient to make ſuch of my fair countrywomen as are conſcious of their guilt, ſeriouſly conſider their danger; though perhaps, from my natural lenity, I ſhall not proceed againſt them with the utmoſt rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our laſt muſical drama, who ſtrings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with publiſhing the names of the delinquents as above-mentioned; but others may poſſibly not have the ſame indulgence; and the law is open for all.

I SHALL conclude this paper with a word or two of ſerious advice to all my readers of all ſorts and ſexes. Let us follow nature, our honeſt and faithful guide, and be upon our guard againſt the flattering deluſions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct oppoſition to her, are attended with ridicule; many with guilt. The woman to whom nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art; as the man to whom na-

ture has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it: they both defeat their own purpoſes, and are in the caſe of the valetudinarian, who creates or increaſes his diſtempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate deſire to live.

NUMB. 106. THURSDAY, *January* 9, 1755.

Satis Eloquentiæ.——— SALLUST.

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myſelf obliged to give it to the public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot diveſt it: but I ſhall make no apology for what may any way tend to the advancement of a ſcience, which is now become ſo faſhionable, popular and flouriſhing.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

As all ſorts of perſons are at this preſent juncture deſirous of becoming ſpeakers, and as many of them, through the neglect of parents

rents or otherwiſe, have been totally ungrounded in the firſt principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment ſelected ſuch particulars as may moſt immediately, and without ſuch rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that ſcience, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to ſpeak in public in ſo compleat a manner, that neither they nor their audience ſhall diſcover the want of an earlier application.

I DO not addreſs myſelf to you like thoſe who correſpond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method by referring you to the many perſons of quality, whom I have taught in four and twenty hours; I chuſe openly and fairly to ſubmit my plan to your inſpection, which will ſhew you that I teach rather how to handle antagoniſts than arguments.

I DISTINGUISH what kind of man to cut with a ſyllogiſm, and whom to overwhelm with the ſorites; whom to enſnare with the crocodile, and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Againſt the pert, young, bold aſſertor, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the moſt deciſive

argument

argument that can be uſed in a populous aſſembly. If, for inſtance, a forward talker ſhould advance that ſuch an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once to ſilence and ſhame, by ſaying that Ariſtotle has commended him. If the diſpute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be inelegant, and never uſed by any author of credit, you confound him by telling him it is in Ariſtophanes; and you need not diſcover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam* (which appears to be of the leaſt uſe, becauſe it is only to be employed againſt a *modeſt man*) let us ſuppoſe a perſon ſpeaking with diffidence of ſome tranſaction on the continent: you may aſk him with a ſneer, pray, ſir, *were you ever abroad?* If he has related a fact from one of our American iſlands, you aſſert he can know nothing of the affairs of that iſland, *for you were born there*; and to prove his ignorance, aſk him *what latitude it is in.*

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occaſions for uſing my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the minute particulars

into

into which men are led by egotiſm, will give you great advantages in preſſing them with conſequences drawn from their ſuppoſed principles. You may alſo take away the force of a man's argument by concluding from ſome equivocal expreſſion of his, that he is a jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodiſt, a freethinker, or a jew. You may have a fling at his country, or profeſſion: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor. This argument might be of great uſe at the bar in examining witneſſes, if the lawyers would not think it inconſiſtent with the dignity and politeneſs of their profeſſion.

By this ſketch of my plan, you may ſee that my pupils may moſt properly be ſaid to ſtudy men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge, is, the art of diſcovering the different ſtrength of their competitors, ſo as to know when to anſwer, and when to lie by. And as I entirely throw out of my ſyſtem the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, "is the uſing "of proofs drawn from any of the founda-"tions of knowledge," there will be nothing

in my academy that will have the leaſt appearance of a ſchool, and of conſequence nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or aſhamed of attending it.

ENQUIRE for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford coffee-houſe.

As the foregoing letter ſo fully explains itſelf, I ſhall take no other notice of it; but in complaiſance to my correſpondent, ſhall throw together a few looſe obſervations on our preſent numerous ſocieties for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but pleaſe myſelf with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which thoſe who cannot *ſtudy* may learn arts and ſciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to thoſe who cannot *read*.

THESE foundations are inſtituted in the very ſpirit of Lycurgus, who diſcountenanced all written laws, and eſtabliſhed in their ſtead a ſyſtem of policy called RHETRA, from its being ſpoken, which he ordered to be the daily ſubject of diſcourſe, and ordained mixed aſſemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the converſation of the old.

In Turky, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that conſiderate people has provided a method of compenſating the want of thoſe arts, and even the uſe of the preſs, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a ſtool in every coffee-houſe, to ſupply the office of news-papers and pamphlets to the Turkiſh quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the reſt of the creation, we may conſider eloquence as the talent which gives him the moſt diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence over his own ſpecies: and yet Juvenal makes no ſcruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero to have been a mere poetaſter, and for Demoſthenes to have worked under his father as a black-ſmith, than to have frequented the ſchools of rhetoric.

Diis ille adverſis genitus fatoque ſiniſtro
Quem pater, ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
A fornace et forcipibus, gladioſque parante
Incude, ac luteo vulcano, ad Rhetora miſſit.

I am glad to find that our black-ſmiths and other artiſans have a nobler way of thinking, and

and the ſpirit to do for themſelves what the father of Demoſthenes did for him. And I ſee this with the greater pleaſure, as I hope I may conſider the ſeminaries which are daily inſtituted, as riſing up in the ſupport of truth, virtue and religion, againſt the libels of the preſs. It is not to be doubted but that we are ſafe on the ſide of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witneſſes ſuch ſhameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it ſhould ever be objected that the frequency of ſuch aſſemblies may poſſibly, in time, produce ſophiſtry, quibbling, immorality and ſcepticiſm, becauſe this was the caſe at Athens, ſo famous for its numerous ſchools of philoſophy, where, as Milton ſays,

Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to GOD *give none:*
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and fate: ——

I anſwer that theſe falſe doctrines of GOD and the ſoul were thus bandied about by a parcel

of heathens, blind and ignorant at beſt, but for the greateſt part, the moſt uſeleſs, idle and profligate members of the ſtate; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of ſober lives, and profitable profeſſions will run after ſophiſts to waſte their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverſeneſs of human nature is ſtrange and unaccountable, if I ſhould find theſe modern ſchools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertiniſm, I hereby give notice that I ſhall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithſtanding all my prepoſſeſſions in favour of eloquence.

THOUGH the following letter is written with all the ſpleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myſelf obliged, from the impartiality I obſerve to all my correſpondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever diſagreeable to eſtabliſhed profeſſions, I am ſo incenſed againſt ſome late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my diſpleaſure *ex cathedrâ*, I now apply to You for a more extenſive proclamation of my reſentment.

I HAVE

I HAVE been for many years an ORATOR of the STAGE ITINERANT; and from my earlieſt youth was bred under the auſpices of Apollo, to thoſe two moſt beloved arts of that deity, PHYSIC and ELOQUENCE: not like theſe pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but alſo a moſt manifeſt want of generoſity; a virtue, which our profeſſors have ever boaſted. Univerſal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raiſe no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealouſy of theſe mercenary ſpirits: my audiences have only been led aſide by novelty; they will ſoon grow weary of ſuch extortioners, and return to the old ſtage. But the misfortune is, that theſe innovations have turned the head of a moſt neceſſary ſervant of mine, commonly known by the name of Merry Andrew: and I muſt confeſs it gives me a real uneaſineſs, when one of his wit and parts talks of ſetting up againſt me.

Yours, CIRCUMFORANEUS.

NUMB.

NUMB. 107. THURSDAY, *January* 16, 1755.

——Quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoriâ.——— JUV.

AS the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing hiſtory, and as it is to be preſumed we ſhall be as ready to ape them in this, as in all other faſhions; I ſhall lay before the public a looſe ſketch of ſuch rules as I have been able haſtily to throw together for preſent uſe, till ſome great and diſtinguiſhed critic may have leiſure to collect his ideas, and publiſh a more complete and regular ſyſtem of the modern art of writing hiſtory.

FOR the ſake of brevity I ſhall enter at once upon my ſubject, and addreſs my inſtruction to the future hiſtorian.

REMEMBER to prefix a long preface to your hiſtory, in which you will have a right to ſay whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your hiſtory may with propriety be admitted,

admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpoſe may claim a place in it, becauſe it is a preface. It will be ſufficient therefore if I give you only a hint upon the occaſion, which if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will ſtand you in great ſtead.

BESURE you ſeize every opportunity of introducing the moſt extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of diſcovering that you have *only* heard of them. The ſafeſt way will be to keep to the old cuſtom of abuſing all other hiſtorians, and vilifying them in compariſon of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modeſty, by avoiding every inſinuation that may ſet him an inch above yourſelf.

BEFORE you enter upon your work, it will be neceſſary to diveſt yourſelf entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice may perhaps coſt you ſome pains; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themſelves

themſelves to thwart your deſign of writing an entertaining hiſtory in the modern taſte.

THE next thing is to find out ſome ſhrewd reaſon for rejecting all ſuch authentic papers as are come to light ſince the period you are writing of was laſt conſidered: for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make uſe of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry; which is a cenſure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the hiſtory of Charles the twelfth, by his moſt illuſtrious patron, who is himſelf an hiſtorian, *Plus beau que la verité.*

I AM aware of the maxim of Polybius, "that hiſtory void of truth, is an empty "ſhadow." But the motto of this paper may ſerve to convict that dogmatiſt of ſingularity, by ſhewing that his own countrymen diſavowed his pretended axiom even to a proverb. Though we may allow truth to the firſt hiſtorian of any particular æra, the nature of things requires that truth muſt gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the ſame period; or elſe the laſt hand would

would be abſolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit therefore that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by ſubſtituting the word WIT in the place of TRUTH; but as all writers are not bleſſed with a ready ſtore of wit, it may be neceſſary to lay down ſome other rules for the compiling of hiſtory, in which it is expedient that we avail ourſelves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be made uſe of, to ſurpriſe, charm, ſadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no ſuch thing as abſolute novelty; therefore the only method to be taken in ſuch caſes, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the ſide of Philip of Macedon againſt Demoſthenes and the obſtinate republicans; and you will have many inſtances to ſhew how wantonly whole ſeas of blood have been ſhed for the ſake of thoſe two infatuating ſounds, LIBERTY and RELIGION. It was a lucky hit of an Engliſh biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard the third: and I would adviſe you to attempt ſomething of the like nature. For inſtance. You may undertake

to

to ſhew the unreaſonableneſs of our high opinion of queen Elizabeth, and our falſe notions of the happineſs of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to obſerve; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great perſonage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or a notorious diſregard for. You may queſtion the moral character of Socrates, the chaſtity of Cyrus, the conſtancy of the martyrs, the piety and ſincerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of king William: and you need never fear the finding authorities to ſupport you in any detraction among the writers of anecdotes, ſince Dion Caſſius, a grave hiſtorian, has confidently aſſerted that Cicero proſtituted his wife, trained up his ſon in drunkenneſs, committed inceſt with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cerellia.

I COME next to ornaments; under which head I conſider ſentences, prodigies, digreſſions and deſcriptions. On the two firſt I

ſhall

ſhall not detain you, as it will be ſufficient to recommend a free uſe of them, and to be new, if you can. Of digreſſions you may make the greateſt uſe, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to ſwell your hiſtory to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo (ſuppoſe, for example, it were the ſtory of Alexander) you may enter into an enquiry of what that adventurer would have done if he had not been poiſoned; whether his conqueſts, or Kouly Khan's were the moſt extraordinary: what would have been the conſequence of his marching weſtward; and whether he would have beat the duke of Marlborough. You may alſo introduce in this place a diſſertation upon fire-arms, or the art of fortification. In deſcriptions, you muſt not be ſparing, but out-go every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the moſt bloody, your ſieges the moſt obſtinate, your caſtles the moſt impregnable, your commanders the moſt conſummate, and their ſoldiers the moſt intrepid. In deſcribing a ſea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the moſt numerous, and their ſhips the largeſt that ever were known. Do not ſcruple

to

to burn a thouſand ſhips, and turn their crews half ſcorched into the ſea; there let them ſurvive awhile by ſwimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's veſſels: and when you have gone through the dreadful diſtreſſes of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ſhip, and ſcattering officers of the greateſt birth and bravery in the air. In the ſacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruelleſt manner, and in the moſt ſacred retreats. Deviſe ſome ingenious inſults on the modeſty of matrons. Raviſh a great number of virgins, and ſee that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houſes, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exerciſe all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies. And that you may extend the ſcene of miſery, let ſome eſcape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of ſhoes; harden the hearts of the peaſants againſt them, and arm the elements with unuſual rigour for their perſecution: drench them with rain, benumb them

with froſt, and terrify them with thunder and lightening.

If in writing voyages and travels, you have occaſion to ſend meſſengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-tender or ſcrupulous how you treat them. You may ſtop them at rivers, and drown all their ſervants and horſes: infeſt them with fleas, lice and muſquitos; and when they have been eaten ſufficiently with theſe vermin, you may ſtarve them to a deſire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your hiſtory, e'en caſt the lots, and ſet them to dinner. But if you do this, you muſt take care that the Savage chief to whom they are ſent, does not treat them with man's fleſh; becauſe it will be no novelty: I would rather adviſe you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rinoceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of courſe be drinking out of human ſkulls; but what ſort of liquor you can fill them with, to ſurpriſe an European, I muſt own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and cuſtoms, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies, and ſuperſtitions; which

which will give you a fair opportunity of ſaying ſomething ſmart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; for it is a pleaſing ſubject, and always, in thoſe countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occaſion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your meſſengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the buſineſs they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeneſs in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I CANNOT promiſe you much ſucceſs in the ſpeeches of your ſavages, unleſs it were poſſible to hit upon ſome bolder figures and metaphors than thoſe which have been ſo frequently uſed. In the ſpeeches of a civilized people, inſert whatever may ſerve to diſplay your own learning, judgment or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a reſtraint on the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler a quotation from the claſſics ſhould come in pat, or in a ſpeech of Muley Moluch a ſentence from Mr. Locke, let no conſideration deprive your hiſtory of ſuch ornaments.

To conclude, I would adviſe you in general not to be ſparing of your ſpeeches, either in number or length: and if you alſo take care to add a proper quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reaſoning ſocieties, and other talkative aſſemblies of this moſt eloquent metropolis.

NUMB. 108. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 23, 1755.

Hoc eſt Româ decedere? Quos ego homines effugi, cum in hos incidi? CICERO *ad* ATTICUM.

I HAVE generally obſerved when a man is talking of his country-houſe, that the firſt queſtion uſually aſked him, is, "Are you in "a good neighbourhood?" From the frequency of this enquiry one would be apt to imagine that the principal happineſs of a country life was generally underſtood to reſult from the neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the anſwer commonly made to this queſtion, will be of a contrary opinion. Aſk it of a lady, and you will be ſure to hear her exclaim, "Thank God! we have no neigh-
"bours!"

"bours!" which may ſerve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in ſuppoſing that a woman of faſhion can endure the inſipid converſation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune conſiders every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his ſport, and quarrels with him for killing that game, with which his very ſervants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of conſequence more averſe to him, as being in perpetual conteſt with him as a rival. His ſenſe of a ſuperior may be learnt from thoſe repeated advertiſements, which every body muſt have obſerved in the public papers, recommending a houſe upon ſale for being ten miles diſtant from a lord. The humouriſt hides himſelf from his neighbour; the man of arrogance deſpiſes him; the modeſt man is afraid of him; and the penurious conſiders a length of uninhabited fen as the beſt ſecurity for his beef and ale.

If we trace this ſpirit to it's ſource, we ſhall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or ſocieties, which the living in large

cities tends greatly to encreaſe, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for thoſe who happen to be ſtrangers to ſuch ſocieties, and conſequently, a general prejudice againſt the UNKNOWN. The truth of the matter is, that perſons UNKNOWN are, for that very reaſon, perſons that we have no deſire to KNOW.

A MAN of a ſociable diſpoſition, upon coming into an inn, enquires of the landlord what company he has in the houſe: the landlord tells him, "there is a fellow of a college, a "lieutenant of a man of war, a lawyer, a "merchant, and the captain in quarters;" to which he never fails to add, "and I dare "ſay, ſir, that any of them will be very glad "of your company;" knowing that men drink more together than when alone. "Have "you nobody elſe?" ſays the gueſt ſullenly. "We have nobody elſe, ſir." "Then get "me my ſupper as faſt as you can, and I'll go "to bed." The ſame behaviour is practiſed by each of theſe gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reaſon, than that none of the company happen to be either of his profeſſion or acquaintance.

BUT

But if we look with the leaſt degree of wonder at the manner in which the greateſt part of mankind behave to ſtrangers, it ſhould aſtoniſh us to ſee how they treat thoſe whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the ſacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet ſuch is the malignity of human nature, that the ſmalleſt foible, the moſt venial inadvertency, or the ſlighteſt infirmity, ſhall generally occaſion contempt, hatred or ridicule, in thoſe very perſons who ought to be the foremoſt to conceal or palliate ſuch failings. Death, accident, robbery and ruin, inſtead of exciting compaſſion, are only conſidered as the great ſources of amuſement to a neighbourhood. Does any diſgrace befal a family? The tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are inſtantly employed to diſperſe it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are ſure to aſcribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But theſe are ſlight inſtances of malevolence; your true neighbour's ſpleen is never effectually rouſed but by proſperity.

An unexpected ſucceſſion to a large fortune; the diſcovery of a mine upon your eſtate; a prize in the lottery; but moſt of all, a fortunate marriage, ſhall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

ENVY is ingenious, and will ſometimes find out the prettieſt conceits imaginable to ſerve her purpoſes: yet it is obſervable that ſhe delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, ſhe pronounces at once that you have no taſte; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, ſhe is ſure you are unhappy; if in affluence or ſplendor, ſhe knows that you are a beggar. It muſt indeed be confeſſed that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous and conſiderable than they really are: but on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid ſuch appearances, they would not be able abſolutely to eſcape her rancour.

I WAS entertained laſt ſummer by a friend in the country, who ſeemed to have formed very

very juſt ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a conſiderable eſtate left him, which he had little reaſon to expect; and having no particular paſſion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he diſpoſed of this large addition to his income. He had no deſire of popularity, but had a very great diſlike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to ſcreen himſelf from detraction, as others are to acquire applauſe. Some weeks paſſed away in that common dilemma into which an encreaſe of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he muſt become the averſion, and by ſquandering, the contempt of all his neighbours. But diſliking the appearance of parſimony more than extravagance, he propoſed laying out a conſiderable ſum all at once upon rebuilding his houſe: but that deſign was ſoon over-ruled by the conſideration that it would be ſaid he had deſtroyed a very convenient manſion, for the ſake of erecting a ſhowy outſide. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he ſhould oblige all ſorts of people by affording bread to

the induſtrious, and pleaſant walks to the idle: but recollecting that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he muſt become the object of their ſpleen and abuſe, he laid aſide alſo that invidious deſign. In the ſame manner he was obliged to reject every propoſal of expence, that might in any way be conſidered as a monument of ſuperiority: therefore, to avoid the other cenſure of penuriouſneſs, he reſolved at laſt to procure the beſt cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himſelf and his attendants in the plaineſt manner, keeping religiouſly to the ſole expence of a conſtant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing elſe, whatever has the leaſt appearance of oſtentation. Thus has he made himſelf inoffenſively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, eſcaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally houſekeeper to her late huſband, takes occaſion frequently to declare, ſhe does not care to

dine

dine with him, becauſe the diſhes are ſo ill ſerved-up, and ſo taſteleſs that ſhe can never make a dinner.

I KNOW not how to cloſe this ſubject more properly, than by ſketching out the characters of what are generally called GOOD and BAD NEIGHBOURS.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR is one, who having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to diſpoſe of it to any of his acquaintance, who deſire him to hunt, ſhoot, dance, drink or play at cards with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one houſe no reſtriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himſelf welcome by expoſing the foibles or misfortunes of thoſe he laſt viſited, and lives in a conſtant round of betraying and leſſening one family to another.

A BAD NEIGHBOUR is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with buſineſs, or tired with crowds; who from a punctilio in good-breeding, does not ſhew himſelf forward in accepting the viſits of all about him, conſcious of his love of quiet, and fearing leſt he ſhould be thought tardy in his returns

returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family procures him the character of reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and disagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be asked, what are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer in the words of Mr. Addison, in that incomparable essay of his on the employment of time. "To advise the "ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the "afflicted, are duties that fall in our way "almost every day of our lives. A man has "frequent opportunities of mitigating the "fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the "character of a deserving man; of softening "the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them "employments suited to a reasonable nature, "and bring great satisfaction to the person "who can busy himself in them with discre"tion."

I HAVE

I HAVE always conſidered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing paſſage is taken, as the moſt valuable leſſon of that eminent moraliſt; becauſe a due obſervance of the excellent plan of life which he has there delineated, cannot fail to make men HAPPY and GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

NUMB. 109. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 30, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A LONDON gentleman and his lady, who are diſtant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to ſpend ſome days with us laſt ſummer in the country. We took the uſual methods to make their time paſs agreeably; carried them to all the Gothic and Chineſe houſes in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring veniſon, fiſh and game for them: which laſt, by the way, it has been no eaſy matter to come in for ſince the aſſociation.

AT their leaving us, they were ſo obliging as to ſay, their viſit had gone off very pleaſantly,

ſantly, and hoped we would return it, by coming to ſee them in town. Accordingly, the mornihgs growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we reſolved to accept it: and arriving in town about the middle of November laſt, we fixed ourſelves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfaſt, dine and ſup with them, for the moſt part, during our ſtay in town. But will you believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were more ſurprized in all our lives, than at receiving a card the morning after our arrival (which I think was the 18th of November) from the lady of the family we came to viſit, inviting us to play at cards with her on the 28th of next March. We thought at firſt that it muſt be a miſtake for the 28th of November; but upon conſulting our landlady, ſhe informed us that ſuch invitations were very uſual, and that, as we were well acquainted with the family, the lady had probably appointed the firſt day ſhe was diſengaged.

As my wife and I ſeldom play at cards, except at Chriſtmas, we thought it ſcarce worth our while to wait for a game till almoſt Whitſuntide, and therefore very prudently ſet

out

out the next day for the country; from whence I believe we ſhall be in no great haſte to pay a ſecond viſit to our friends in town.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

HUMPHRY GUBBINS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I LIVE ſo much in the world, and ſo entirely for the world, that the very name of your paper ſecured me for one of your conſtant readers. But really if your periodical WORLD continues to contradict the *beau monde* as much as it has done in two or three eſſays relating to us women, I ſhall think your ſentiments fitter for the man of the MOON, than the man of the WORLD.

A LITTLE while ago you were pleaſed to be extremely out of humour at the nakedneſs of our necks; and now in your paper No. 105, you are equally offended at our covering our faces. What a capricious man you are! I apprehend, ſir, that a certain quantity of nakedneſs has always been allowed us; and I know of no law that confines it to any particular

cular part of our perſons. If therefore we chuſe to ſtucco over our faces, you ought in reaſon to allow us to exhibit a little more of our necks and ſhoulders.

HER ſagacious majeſty, queen Elizabeth, conſcious of a bad complexion, and fearing that a brown neck, though right royal, might excite leſs admiration than the undignified alabaſter of the meaneſt of her ſubjects, choſe that they ſhould conceal what herſelf could not equal under innumerable folds of lawn and point: a piece of envious cruelty, which (notwithſtanding your ſex have been pleaſed to celebrate her as the guardian of Engliſh liberty) muſt make her appear to ours little better than a tyrant, for having impriſoned ſo much Britiſh beauty in a dungeon, where not the ſmalleſt ſpark of light could break in upon any part of it. The face indeed was ſtill left viſible by that envious queen, which is at preſent almoſt the only part of our attractions that we have thought proper to cover. You ought therefore to conſider, when you find fault with our open necks, that our faces are plaiſtered over; and inſtead of complaints againſt our covered faces, you ſhould

reſt

reſt ſatisfied with the ample amends we make you by our other diſcoveries. I am,

SIR,

Your true friend,
and faithful counſellor,
FARDILLA.

SIR,

I HAVE with great ſeriouſneſs and attention read over your WORLD of the 2d. of this month, which ſhews me my complexion in ſo very different a light from that in which my looking-glaſs has repreſented it, that I ſhould inſtantly lay aſide the roſes and lilies I have purchaſed, and content myſelf with the ſkin wherewith nature has thought fit to cover me, if it was not for a very material conſideration. The truth is, that I am to be married in a few days to a gentleman, whoſe fortune is above any hopes I could have conceived, while in my natural ſallowneſs; and who I find has been principally attracted by the ſplendor of my complexion. But you may depend on my reſigning it all after the firſt month of my marriage. You cannot ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be ſo cruel as to deny a bride the happineſs of the honey-moon: by

that

that time, perhaps, my husband may be pretty indifferent whether I am brown or fair: if not, a change of complexion is no cause for a divorce, either by the ancient canons, or the late marriage act; so you know, sir, his approbation is of no great consequence to

Your constant reader,

MYRTILLA.

SIR,

To persuade your sex that black is white, has been the darling wish and constant endeavour of ours: but we have never succeeded literally in this art, till we knew how to paint ourselves: I am therefore as much surprized that a man of your sense should expect to make us give up so desirable a power, as that you should wish to do it.

HAVE not your sex in all ages, both in prose and verse, lamented the short duration of the lilies and roses that bloom on a fair skin? I have seen it set forth in such affecting strains, as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterness of prophetic sadness. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which substitutes so durable a bloom in the place of those transient

tranſient colours, which fade almoſt as faſt as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal ſpring of beauty is ſurely the peculiar bleſſing of the preſent age. A man might now reflect without terror on an anti-deluvian marriage, ſince his wife after five or ſix hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal day. Time is the greateſt enemy to the pleaſures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his moſt cruel tyranny?

I SUPPOSE your next attack will be upon the new luſtre that our necks have acquired by the ſame art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whiteſt necks had ſuch an odious clearneſs in their ſkins, that you might almoſt ſee the blood circulate through their veins; an amuſing ſpectacle indeed for a philoſopher, and ſuch perhaps as might give doctor Harvey the firſt hint of the diſcoveries he afterwards made: but ſurely it could be no very agreeable ſight to a perſon of any delicacy, when compared with the preſent reſplendent

ſplendent white which every neck exhibits. Good fleſh and blood is a praiſe very well ſuited to a milk-maid; but I fancy a woman of faſhion would chuſe to excite ſublimer ideas: and indeed our ſex could never ſo properly aſſume the title of goddeſſes, as now that we have laid aſide ſo much of the ruſtic appearance of mere mortal women. I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

BELINDA.

SIR,

I LIKE the intention of your paper upon face-painting ſo well, that I ſhall readily comply with it, and return to the complexion that nature has beſtowed upon me (which you muſt know is an olive) if you can perſuade others to do the ſame. But who could bear to be the ſhade to an aſſembly, dazzlingly bright with borrowed lilies, to look like the corner of the moon in an eclipſe? Indeed it is impoſſible for me to bring myſelf to ſuch an exceſs of fortitude. An olive is a good ſort of complexion for a wit, but a vile one for a beauty; the title for which we women univerſally long; while that of wit is only the laſt reſource

ſource of our vanity, when nature or age denies us all pretenſions to the other.

Go on and proſper, Mr. Fitz-Adam; reduce us again to our natural colour, and you ſhall find I will not be the laſt, though I cannot bear to be the firſt that ſhall comply.

Your moſt devoted,

OLIVIA BLANCHE.

NUMB. 110. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 6, 1755.

—Uno avulſo non deficit alter
Aureus, et ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo.

VIRG.

THOUGH I have ſtudied the ways of men with the ſtricteſt application for many years, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs my inability to dive into the ſecrets of one particular ſociety, the members of which, by their ſuperior capacities, have hitherto inveloped themſelves in an impenetrable cloud of myſtery. Every body muſt have obſerved that in all public places in this kingdom there are ſwarms of

of adventurers, who neither derive any poſſeſſions from provident anceſtors, nor are of any profeſſion, yet who figure moſt ſplendidly both in the great and ſmall world, to the amazement of all who know them. The only anſwer I could ever obtain, when I have enquired how Mr. Such-a-one, a member of this ſociety lived, was, *The Lord knows.* Which anſwer one would think ſhould imply, that HE *who feedeth the ravens, and cloatheth the lilies of the field,* had thus plentifully provided for them, imperceptible to the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of theſe gentlemen ſeem to claim no ſuch indulgence from Heaven, I ſhould have entertained a very uncomplaiſant opinion of them, if the legiſlature, by the repeal of the witch act, had not taught me to believe that our intercourſe with the devil was at an end. In the midſt of my doubts the following letter gave me perfect ſatisfaction.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ABOUT ten years ago the public was entertained with a very fanciful performance, entitled

titled *Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's triumph over old age and the grave.* Though the ingenious author modeſtly ſets out with ſhewing the poſſibility of a man's extending the ſpan of life to a longer ſpace than he generally now enjoys, by inhaling the ſalubrious breath of unpolluted virgins; yet by degrees, almoſt imperceptible to the reader, he ſlides into the Hermetic philoſophy, of which he is an enthuſiaſtic admirer, and becomes, before the concluſion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the STONE and UNIVERSAL ELIXIR, as if he had been perſonally preſent when an adept had made projection. He introduces ſeveral moſt ſurprizing ſtories concerning philoſophers, who being ſkilled in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the moſt unimpaired vigour both of mind and body. But as the moſt enviable ſtate of human felicity is imperfect, though theſe ſages were maſters of that omnipotent metal, which can make knaves honeſt, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields in the eſtabliſhed commerce of the world, all the neceſſaries, emoluments and luxuries of life, and almoſt deifies it's poſſeſſors; they were frequently

quently neceſſitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to ſkulk from the obſervation of mankind in the darkeſt ſhades of obſcurity.

AMONG many other ſurprizng ſtories, he gives an account of a ſtranger who ſome time ago reſided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he ſays, that this man, though he lived in the utmoſt affluence and ſplendor, was unacquainted with any perſon belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandize; that he had no property in the common funds of the ſtate; nor ever received any remittance from abroad; yet abounded in wealth, till an accident, which he relates, drove him from Italy, from whence he ſuddenly diſappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

IF this man was an Hermetic philoſopher, in poſſeſſion of the great ſecret, as the author inſinuates, I am enclined to think, from a ſimilarity of circumſtances, that we have at this very time a great number of that ſect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleaſure. I have had the happineſs of an acquaintance with

ſeveral of theſe great men, who without any viſible means of livelihood, have ſhone forth with uncommon luſtre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of taylors, woollen-drapers, lace-men, mercers, milliners, &c. have ſuddenly diſappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This ſpeedy retreat I attribute to their fears leſt the ſtate ſhould diſcover from what ſource their wealth aroſe, and force them by its power to proſtitute ſo ſacred and ineſtimable a ſcience to the deſtructive views of ambition.

It has been obſerved of ſeveral of theſe philoſophers, that they have pretended to be of ſome lucrative profeſſion or employment, in order, as is ſuppoſed, to ſhelter themſelves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know not what old-faſhioned notion, to regard very coolly thoſe perſons, who being in poſſeſſion of no lands or chattels by inheritance, are unconnected with ſociety, and do not lend a helping hand in ſupplying ſomething to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the heirs of rich uncles or aunts in the country, from whom they were ſupplied

with the comfortable ſufficiencies for genteel life: while others have inſinuated by their friends, that SOMEBODY has left them SOMETHING SOMEWHERE; and ſo feigned that they lived (as honeſt people phraſe it) *by their means.* But before enquiry could be made into thoſe means (if I may have leave to borrow a ſcripture expreſſion) *they went hence, and were no more ſeen.*

I REMEMBER a few years ago, there was a particular coffee-houſe about Covent-garden, much frequented by theſe adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, uſed ludicrouſly to call the ANNUAL coffee-houſe, as the ſame face was ſeldom obſerved to BLOW there a ſecond year. But of late they have been cautious of raiſing any ſuſpicion by aſſembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore diſperſed through all the coffee-houſes in the idle and genteel part of this city.

I WOULD not be underſtood from any thing I have ſaid, to infer that none of this reſpectable ſect ever take up their fixed reſidence in town; for I have known ſeveral and their families who have conſtantly dwelt here, and who

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to the aſtoniſhment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great ſplendor and luxury, ſpent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and ſtill flouriſh on in the ſame manner.

EVERY one in high life muſt, I dare ſay, have obſerved, that no people live ſo well as thoſe whom the world pronounces to be RUINED. I have known many of theſe RUINED perſons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haughty owners of thouſands of unmortgaged acres have repined and ſickened at their ſuperior enjoyments. In ſhort, ſuch has been my aſſociation of ideas of late, that when I hear any man pronounced RUINED, I immediately conclude, by that expreſſion, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the ineſtimable ſecret of the Hermetic philoſophy.

BUT however deſirous the poſſeſſors of this FIRST SCIENCE may be of appearing to draw their ſubſiſtance from the common and vulgar ſupplies of land, trade, ſtocks or profeſſions, rather than have it ſuſpected from whence their myſterious finances ariſe, yet ſuch num-

bers now abound of all ranks and conditions, that the government, I am told, begins to entertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phraſe it, to have an *inkling* of the matter. Indeed I am greatly ſurprized that the affair was not found out ſooner; for it is mathematically demonſtrable that if Great Britain and Ireland were large enough to hold all the boaſted poſſeſſions of theſe nominal land-owners, the dominions of his preſent majeſty would exceed the bluſter of a Spaniſh title, and be larger than the four quarters of the globe joined together. But here let me ſtop, and not endeavour to reveal more of that ſcience, which is deſtined by fate to remain a ſecret from all but the truly initiated; leſt by farther prophane babbling the preſent ſons of HERMES ſhould take umbrage, and transfer the unſpeakable advantages that accrue to ſociety from their preſence, to lands of more faith, and leſs curioſity. I could wiſh therefore that the adminiſtration would ſuppreſs all farther enquiries about theſe affairs, and be contented, like honeſt plain tradeſmen, who grow rich they cannot tell how, to receive that inundation of wealth, which flows ſo unaccountably into the king-

dom,

dom, without troubling their repoſe by an over-great ſolicitude to know the ſource it ſprings from; for fear, like fairy favours, the bleſſing ſhould be ſnatched from the land, for the unpardonable crime of endeavouring to ſatisfy a prohibited curioſity.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. Z.

NUMB. III. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 13, 1755.

IT is very well known that religion and politics are perfectly underſtood by every body, as they require neither ſtudy nor experience. All people therefore decide peremptorily, though often variouſly, upon both.

ALL ſects, ſeverally ſure of being in the right, intimate, at leaſt, if not denounce, damnation to thoſe that differ from them, in points ſo clear, ſo plain, and ſo obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not leſs an enthuſiaſt than any of them (though upon his own principles

he cannot damn, becauſe he knows to demonſtration that there is no future ſtate) would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics, the ſects are as various and as warm: and what ſeems very extraordinary, is, that thoſe who have ſtudied them the moſt, and experienced them the longeſt, always know them the leaſt. Every adminiſtration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and ſecret of buſineſs in their hands; and not leſs than ſix millions of their fellow ſubjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to diſcover, cenſure, reform and correct their errors, and put them in the right way.

These conſiderations, among many others, determined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not inſtruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone muſt be the object of an humble weekly author of a ſheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is abſolutely neceſſary for a certain degree of dignity, either in man or book. A ſyſtem of ethics,

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to be reſpected as it ought, requires at leaſt a quarto; and even moral eſſays cannot decently, and with utility, appear in leſs than a thick octavo. But ſhould I, in my ignoble ſtate of a fugitive ſheet and half, preſume with a grave face, to cenſure folly, or with an angry one, to laſh vice, the porter of every well-bred family in town would have orders to deny me; and I ſhould forfeit my place at the breakfaſt-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally ſerved up. But if by the introduction of that wit and humour which I believe even my enemies muſt allow me, I can without offence to the politer part of my readers, ſlide in any uſeful moral, I will not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, and inſtructive whenever I dare: and when my ſcattered leaves ſhall, like the Sybil's, come to be collected, I believe I may without vanity aſſert, that they will be, at leaſt, as good oracles.

But in this deſign too I am aware of difficulties, little inferior to thoſe which diſcouraged me from medling with religion and politics: for everybody has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or, at leaſt,

their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of nature, not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himſelf ſo diſinherited by nature as not to have ſome ſhare of them? Nay, thoſe (if ſuch there are) who are modeſt enough to think themſelves cut off with a ſhilling, huſband that twelve-pence with care, and frugally ſpend their penny upon occaſion, as ſly wags, and dry jokers.

In this univerſal profuſion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help diſtruſting a little the ſucceſs, though by no means the merit, of my own: for I have interior conviction that no man in England has ſo much. But taſtes are various, and the market is glutted. However, I ſhould hope, that my candid readers will have the ſame regard for My opinion, which they have for moſt of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon truſt, eſpecially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth.*

The better to take my meaſures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progreſs and reception of my paper, through the ſeveral claſſes of its readers.

In families of condition, it is firſt received by

by the porter, who, yawning, juſt caſts his half-open eyes upon it; for it comes out ſo early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the caſualties of the week in it, throws it aſide, and takes up in its ſtead a daily news-paper, in which all thoſe matters are related with equal truth and perſpicuity.

FROM thence it is ſent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfaſt-table. She receives it in pretty much the ſame manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily-Advertiſer, where ſhe turns with impatience to the advertiſements, to ſee what invitations are thrown out by ſingle gentlemen of undoubted characters, to agreeable young women of unblemiſhed reputations, to become either their wives or their companions. And by a prudent forecaſt, ſhe particularly attends to the premiums ſo frequently offered, for a fine wholſome breaſt of milk.

WHEN it is introduced into my lady's dreſſing-room, it undergoes a ſeverer examination: for if my lord and lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngeſt, probably, of the young ladies is appointed to read it aloud, to

uſe her to read at ſight. If my lord, who is a judge of wit, as well as of property in the laſt reſort, gives a favourable nod, and ſays, *it is well enough to-day*; my lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*. But if unfortunately my lord, with an air of diſtaſte, calls it *poor ſtuff*; my lady diſcovers it to be *horribly ſtupid*. The young family are unanimouſly of opinion, that the name of Adam Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and enquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontiſpiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior claſs, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable trial. My merits and demerits are freely diſcuſſed: ſome think me too grave, others trifling. The miſtreſs of the houſe, though ſhe deteſts ſcandal, wiſhes, for example's ſake only, that I would draw the characters, and expoſe the intrigues of the fine folks. The maſter wonders that I do not give the miniſters a rap; and concludes that I receive huſh-money. But all agree in ſaying facetiouſly and pleaſantly enough, that the World does not

inform

form them how the WORLD goes. This is followed by many other *bons mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at leaſt the two-pence a week that it coſts.

IN the city (for my paper has made its way to that end of the town, upon the ſuppoſition of its being a faſhionable one at this) I am received and conſidered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age, are, by the ladies, ſuppoſed to be levelled at particular perſons, or at leaſt diſcovered to be very applicable to ſuch and ſuch of the QUALITY. They are alſo thought to be *very pat* to ſeveral of their own neighbours and acquaintance; and ſhrewd hints of that kind greatly embelliſh the converſation of the evening. The graver and more frugal part of that opulent metropolis, who do not themſelves buy, but borrow my paper of thoſe who do, complain that, though there is generally room ſufficient at the end of the laſt page, I never inſert the price of ſtocks nor of goods at Bearkey. And they are every one of them aſtoniſhed how certain tranſactions of the court of aldermen on one hand, and of the common-

council

council on the other, can poſſibly eſcape my animadverſion, ſince it is impoſſible that they can have eſcaped my knowledge.

Such are the cenſures and difficulties to which a poor weekly author is expoſed. However I have the pleaſure, and ſomething more than the pleaſure, of finding that two thouſand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largeſt that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other reſpect do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary ſucceſs would be ſufficient to flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and ſtifle thoſe growing ſentiments in my own breaſt, by reflecting upon other circumſtances that tend to my humiliation. I muſt confeſs that the preſent faſhion of curling the hair, has proved exceedingly favourable to me: and perhaps the quality of my paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to that purpoſe, may contribute, more than its merit, to the ſale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn, requires, as I am aſſured, fourſcore curls in diſtinct papers; and thoſe curls muſt be renewed as often as the head is combed, which

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is perhaps once a month. Four of my papers are ſufficient for that purpoſe, and amount only to eight pence, which is very little more than what the ſame quantity of plain paper would coſt. Taking it therefore altogether, it ſeems not inconſiſtent with good œconomy to purchaſe it at ſo ſmall a price. This reflection might mortify me as an author, but on the other hand, ſelf-love, which is ingenious in availing itſelf of the ſlighteſt favourable circumſtances, comforts me with the thought, that, of the prodigious number of daily and weekly papers that are now publiſhed, mine is perhaps the only one that is ultimately applied to the head.

NUMB. 112. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 20, 1755.

A LATE noble author has moſt juſtly and elegantly defined CUSTOM to be *The reſult of the paſſions and prejudices of many, and of the deſigns of a few; the ape of reaſon, who uſurps her ſeat, exerciſes her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her ſtead.*

THIS

THIS definition enables us to account for the various, abſurd and wicked cuſtoms which have ſeverally and ſucceſſively prevailed in all ages and countries, and alſo for thoſe which unfortunately prevail in this: for they may all be traced up to *the paſſions and prejudices of many, and to the deſigns of a few.*

IT is certain, however, that there has not been a time, when the prerogative of human reaſon was more freely aſſerted, nor errors and prejudices more ably attacked and expoſed by the beſt writers, than now. But may not the principle of inquiry and detection be carried too far, or at leaſt made too general? And ſhould not a prudent diſcrimination of caſes be attended to?

A PREJUDICE is by no means neceſſarily (though generally thought ſo) an error. On the contrary, it may be a moſt unqueſtioned truth, though it be ſtill a prejudice in thoſe, who without any examination, take it upon truſt, and entertain it by habit.

THERE are even ſome prejudices founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged; their effects being more

more beneficial to ſociety, than their detection can poſſibly be.

HUMAN reaſon, even when improved by knowledge, and undiſturbed by the paſſions, is not an infallible, though it is our beſt guide: but unimproved by knowledge, and adulterated by paſſion, it becomes the moſt dangerous one; conſtituting obſtinate wrong-headedneſs, and dignifying, nay, almoſt ſanctifying error.

THE bulk of mankind have neither leiſure nor knowledge ſufficient to reaſon right: why then ſhould they be taught to reaſon at all? Will not honeſt inſtinct prompt, and wholſome prejudices guide them much better than half-reaſoning?

THE power of the magiſtrate to puniſh bad, and the authority of thoſe of ſuperior rank to ſet good examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffuſive advantage to ſociety, than the moſt learned, theological, philoſophical, moral and caſuiſtical diſſertations. As for inſtance.

AN honeſt cobler in his ſtall, thinks and calls himſelf a good proteſtant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably

goes to his pariſh church on ſundays. Would it be honeſt, would it be wiſe, to ſay to this cobler, "Friend, you only think yourſelf a "member of the church of England; but in "reality you are not one, ſince you are only "ſo from habit and prejudice, not from ex- "amination and reflection. But ſtudy the "ableſt controverſial writers of the popiſh "and reformed churches; read Bellarmine, "Chillingworth and Stillingfleet, and then "you may juſtly call yourſelf, what in truth "you are not now, a proteſtant."

SHOULD our mender of ſhoes follow this advice (which I hope he would not) a uſeful cobler would moſt certainly be loſt, in a uſeleſs polemic, and a ſcurvy logician.

IT would be juſt the ſame thing in morals. Our cobler received from his parents that beſt and ſhorteſt of all chriſtian and moral precepts, *do as you would be done by:* he adopted it without much examination, and ſcrupulouſly practiſed it in general, though with ſome few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But ſhould ſome philoſopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, aſſure this cobler, "That his honeſty was mere prejudice and

"habit,

" habit, becauſe he had never ſufficiently con-
" ſidered the relation and fitneſs of things,
" nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but
" that if he would carefully ſtudy the Cha-
" racteriſtics, the Moral Philoſopher, and
" thirty or forty volumes more upon that ſub-
" ject, he might then, and not till then,
" juſtly call himſelf an honeſt man;" what would become of the honeſty of the cobler after this uſeful diſcovery, I do not know; but this I very well know, that he ſhould no longer be My cobler.

I SHALL borrow him in two inſtances more, and then leave him to his honeſt, uſeful, home-ſpun prejudices, which half-knowledge and leſs reaſoning will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aſide.

MY cobler is alſo a politician. He reads the firſt news-paper he can get, deſirous to be informed of the ſtate of affairs in Europe, and of the ſtreet robberies in London. He has not, I preſume, analyſed the intereſts of the reſpective countries of Europe, nor deeply conſidered thoſe of his own: ſtill leſs is he ſyſtematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a ſubject. But his heart and his habits

habits ſupply thoſe defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and proſperity of old England; he will fight for it, if there be occaſion, and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wiſhed that there were in this country ſix millions of ſuch honeſt and zealous, though uninformed citizens?

ALL theſe unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobler, though prejudices in him, are in themſelves undoubted and demonſtrable truths, and ought therefore to be cheriſhed even in their coarſeſt dreſs. But I ſhall now give an inſtance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the reſult of error, and which yet I believe no man in his ſenſes would deſire ſhould be expoſed or removed.

OUR honeſt cobler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Engliſhman can beat three Frenchmen; and, in that perſuaſion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from phyſical principles, I am apt to believe that one Engliſhman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal ſtrength and ſize with himſelf, I

ſhould

ſhould however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that uſeful and ſanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poictiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from theſe; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that give birth and ſanction to the moſt abſurd, extravagant, impious and immoral cuſtoms.

Honour, that ſacred name, which ought to mean the ſpirit, the ſupererogation of virtue, is, by cuſtom, prophaned, reduced, and ſhrunk to mean only a readineſs to fight a duel upon either a real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. No vices nor immoralities whatſoever blaſt this faſhionable character, but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what ſhould baniſh a man from all ſociety, recommends him in general to the beſt. He may, with great honour, ſtarve the tradeſmen, who by their induſtry ſupply not only his wants, but his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter or ſiſter; he may, in ſhort, undoubtedly gratify every appetite, paſſion and intereſt, and ſcatter deſolation

deſolation round him, if he be but ready for ſingle combat, and a ſcrupulous obſerver of all the moral obligations of a gameſter.

THESE are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for ſatire to laſh, for the rigour of the law to puniſh, and (which would be the moſt effectual of all) for faſhion to diſcountenance and proſcribe. And theſe ſhall in their turns be the ſubjects of ſome future papers.

NUMB. 113. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 27, 1755.

THE cuſtom of DUELLING is moſt evidently *the reſult of the paſſions of the many, and of the deſigns of a few*; but here the definition ſtops; ſince far from being *the ape of reaſon*, it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifeſt offspring of barbarity and folly, a monſtrous birth, and diſtinguiſhed by the moſt ſhocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I WOULD not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge

ledge to be my beſt cuſtomers, and therefore I will not ſo much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to ſhow how repugnant it is to inſtinct, reaſon, and every moral and ſocial obligation, even to the faſhionable *fitneſs of things*. Viewed on the criminal ſide, it excites horror; on the abſurd ſide, it is an inexhauſtible fund of ridicule. The Guilt has been conſidered and expoſed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be cenſured with more dignity, than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with ridiculing the Folly of it.

THE ancients muſt certainly have had very imperfect notions of HONOUR, for they had none of DUELLING. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and the Romans, prompted only by intereſt or revenge, and performed without the leaſt Attic politeneſs, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were ſent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may obſerve that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the moſt profligate of men, the moſt dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate

veterate enemy, an equal chance of deſtroying him.

THIS delicacy of ſentiment, this refinement of manners, was reſerved for the politer Goths, Viſigoths, Oſtrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate and eſtabliſh. I muſt confeſs that they have generally been conſidered as barbarous nations; and to be ſure there are ſome circumſtances which ſeem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon Learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and ſciences. But then it muſt be owned, on the other hand, that upon thoſe ruins, they eſtabliſhed the honourable and noble ſcience of HOMICIDE, dignified, exalted and aſcertained TRUE HONOUR, worſhipped it as their deity, and ſacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

IN thoſe happy days, HONOUR, that is, ſingle combat, was the great and unerring teſt of civil rights, moral actions and ſound doctrines. It was ſanctified by the church; and the churchmen were occaſionally allowed the honour and pleaſure of it; for we read of many inſtances of DUELS between Men and Prieſts. Nay, it was without appeal, the infallible teſt

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of female chaſtity. If a princeſs, or any lady of diſtinction, was ſuſpected of a little incontinency, ſome brave champion, who was commonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it, ſtood forth in her defence, and aſſerted her innocence with the point of his ſword or lance. If by his activity, ſkill, ſtrength and courage, he murdered the accuſer, the lady was ſpotleſs; but if her champion fell, her guilt was manifeſt. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I preſume, occaſioned that aſſociation of ideas (otherwiſe ſeemingly unrelative to each other) of the BRAVE and the FAIR: for indeed *in thoſe days* it behoved a lady, who had the leaſt regard for her reputation, to chuſe a lover of uncommon activity, ſtrength and courage. This notion, as I am well aſſured, ſtill prevails in many reputable families about Covent-Garden, where the BRAVE in the kitchen, are always within call of the FAIR in the firſt or ſecond floor.

By this ſummary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays and the expence of the law were avoided, and the troubleſome ſhackles of the goſpel knocked off; HONOUR ruling in their ſtead. To prove the utility and juſtice

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of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary DUEL between a man of diſtinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in preſence of king Charles the fifth of France. Both the relation and the print of this DUEL are to be found in father Montfaucon.

A GENTLEMAN of the court was ſuppoſed to have murdered another, who had been miſſing for ſome days. This ſuſpicion aroſe from the mute teſtimony of the abſent perſon's dog, a large Iriſh greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this ſuppoſed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour (though by the way he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under ſo diſhonourable a ſuſpicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to juſtify his innocence by ſingle combat with the ſaid dog. The king, being a great lover of juſtice, granted his ſuit, ordered liſts to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offenſive club in his hand, the dog a defenſive tub to reſort to occaſionally. The Iriſh greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always,

always been obſervable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at ſingle combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almoſt killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confeſs his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts and ſciences revived in Europe, the ſcience of Homicide was farther cultivated and improved. If on the one hand it loſt a little of the extent of its juriſdiction, on the other, it required great preciſion, clearneſs and beauty, by the care and pains of the very beſt Italian and Spaniſh authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and enlightened the world with their admirable codes, digeſts, pandects and reports, *della cavalleresca*, in ſome hundreds of volumes. Almoſt all poſſible caſes of Honour were conſidered and ſtated; two and thirty different ſort of lies were diſtinguiſhed; and the adequate ſatisfaction neceſſary for each, was with great ſolidity and preciſion aſcertained. A kick with a thin ſhoe was declared more injurious to honour (though not ſo painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick ſhoe; and in ſhort,

a thouſand other diſcoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to ſociety, were communicated to the world in thoſe voluminous treaſures of HONOUR.

IN the preſent degenerate age, theſe fundamental laws of HONOUR are exploded and ridiculed; and ſingle combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjuſt deciſion of civil property, female chaſtity, and criminal accuſations: but I would humbly aſk why? Is not ſingle combat as juſt a deciſion of any other thing whatſoever, as it is of veracity, the caſe to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who will lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; becauſe I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want courage. But if fighting is the teſt of veracity, my readers of condition will I hope pardon me when I ſay, that my future inquiries and reſearches after truth, ſhall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

THERE is one reaſon indeed which makes me ſuſpect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is,

that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to ſtate a caſe, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the INSTITUTES OF HONOUR.

A VERY lean, ſlender, active young fellow of great HONOUR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve ſtone, and who has from his youth taken leſſons of HOMICIDE from a murder-maſter, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to diſcuſs with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice HONOUR likewiſe, weighing four and twenty ſtone, and who in his youth may not poſſibly have had the ſame commendable application to the noble ſcience of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman ſends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde-park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable ſlaughter. Now upon this ſtate of the caſe, might not the fat gentleman, conſiſtent with the rules of HONOUR, return the following anſwer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR,

"I FIND by your letter that you do me the "juſtice to believe that I have the true no- "tions of honour that become a gentleman; "and I hope I ſhall never give you any reaſon "to change your opinion. As I entertain the "ſame opinion of you, I muſt ſuppoſe that "you would not deſire that we ſhould meet "upon very unequal terms, which muſt be "the caſe, were we to meet to-morrow. At "preſent I unfortunately weigh four-and- "twenty ſtone, and I gueſs that you do not "exceed twelve. From this circumſtance "ſingly, I am double the mark that you are; "but beſides this, you are active, and I am "unwieldy. I therefore propoſe to you that "from this day forwards, we ſeverally en- "deavour by all poſſible means, you to fat- "ten, and I to waſte, till we can meet at the "medium of eighteen ſtone. I will loſe no "time on my part, being impatient to prove "to you that I am not quite unworthy of the "good opinion which you are pleaſed to ex- "preſs of

SIR, *Your very humble ſervant.*

"*P. S.* I BELIEVE it may not be amiſs for

"us

" us to communicate to each other from time " to time our gradations of increaſe and de- " creaſe towards the deſired medium, in " which I preſume, two or three pounds more " or leſs on either ſide, ought not to be con- " ſidered."

THIS, among many more caſes that I could mention, ſufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the neceſſity of reſtoring, reviſing, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules and ſtatutes of ſingle combat, as it flouriſhed in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law uſeleſs; but little trifling and private intereſts ought not to ſtand in the way of great public and national advantages.

NUMB. 114. THURSDAY, *March* 6, 1755.

THE notion of BIRTH, as it is commonly called and eſtabliſhed by cuſtom, is alſo the manifeſt reſult *of the prejudices of the many, and of the deſigns of a few.* It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by

that induſtrious pander Self-love. It is ſurely the ſtrongeſt inſtance, and the weakeſt prop of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal deſcent from a founder, whoſe induſtry or good fortune, whoſe merit, or perhaps whoſe guilt, has enabled his poſterity to live uſeleſs to ſociety, and to tranſmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the leaſt ſhare, is that FLY which, by a kind of Egyptian ſuperſtition, Cuſtom all over Europe has deified, and at whoſe tawdry ſhrine good ſenſe, good manners and good nature are daily ſacrificed.

THE vulgar diſtinction between people of BIRTH and people of NO BIRTH will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when in their judicious and laborious reſearches into the cuſtoms and manners of theſe preſent times, they ſhall have reaſon to ſuppoſe, that in the ſixteenth, ſeventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the iſland of Great Britain was inhabited by two ſorts of people, ſome BORN, but the much

greater

greater number UNBORN. The fact will appear ſo *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed*; the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engroſs the attention of the learned. The caſe of Cadmus's men will doubtleſs be urged as a caſe in point, to prove the poſſibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the univerſity of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn perſon, called for that reaſon *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that univerſity with an oration in the theatre.

I THEREFORE take with pleaſure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remoteſt ſucceſſors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the ſeveral expreſſions of GREAT BIRTH, NOBLE BIRTH, BIRTH, and NO BIRTH AT ALL.

GREAT and illuſtrious BIRTH is aſcertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preſerved in the family, which takes at leaſt an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled, diſcloſes twenty intermarriages of valiant and puiſſant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as

many chaſte and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the conqueſt, not without here and there a daſh of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the inſolent worms ſhould have devoured the pedigree as well as the perſons of the illuſtrious family, that defect may be ſupplied by the authentic records of the herald's office, that ineſtimable repoſitory of good ſenſe and uſeful knowledge. If this GREAT BIRTH is graced with a peerage, ſo much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being ſo ſolid a good in itſelf, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unqueſtionably the moſt pleaſing ſentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

NOBLE BIRTH implies only a peerage in the family. Anceſtors are by no means neceſſary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very firſt deſcent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is ſometimes, for very good reaſons, laid aſide.

BIRTH, ſingly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot poſitively ſay how far, but negatively, it ſtops where uſeful arts and induſtry

duſtry begin. Merchants, tradeſmen, yeomen, farmers and ploughmen, are not BORN, or at leaſt, in ſo mean a way, as not to deſerve that name; and it is perhaps for that reaſon that their mothers are ſaid to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights and eſquires have the honour of being BORN.

I MUST confeſs that before I got the key to this faſhionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myſelf with the diſtinction between BIRTH and NO BIRTH; and having no other guide than my own weak reaſon, I miſtook the matter moſt groſsly. I fooliſhly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a ſound mind in a ſound body; a healthy, ſtrong conſtitution, joined to a good heart and a good underſtanding. But I never ſuſpected that it could poſſibly mean the ſhrivelled, taſteleſs fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whoſe valuable collection of foſſils and minerals lately ſold, ſufficiently proves her ſkill and reſearches in the moſt recondite parts of nature. She, with that frank-

neſs and humanity which were natural to her, aſſured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themſelves: but that in truth ſhe had never obſerved the children of the quality to be wholeſomer or ſtronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference ſhe imputed to certain cauſes, which I ſhall not here ſpecify. This natural (and, I dare ſay, to the beſt of her obſervation, true) account confirmed me in my former philoſophical error. But ſtill not thoroughly ſatisfied with it, and thinking that there muſt be ſomething more in what was ſo univerſally valued, I determined to get ſome farther information by addreſſing myſelf to a perſon of vaſt, immenſe, prodigious BIRTH, and deſcended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that ſubject, it was very eaſy for me to ſet him a going upon it inſomuch, that upon ſome few doubts which I humbly ſuggeſted to him, he ſpoke to me in the following manner.

"I BELIEVE, Mr. Fitz-Adam, You are "not (for no body is) ignorant of the anti-

"quity

"quity of my family, which by authentic re-
"cords I can trace up to king Alfred, ſome
"of whoſe blood runs at this moment
"in my veins; and I will not conceal from
"you that I find infinite inward comfort and
"ſatisfaction in that reflection. Let people
"of NO BIRTH laugh as much as they pleaſe
"at theſe notions; they are not imaginary;
"they are real; they are ſolid; and whoever
"is WELL BORN, is glad that he is ſo. A
"merchant, a tradeſman, a yeoman, a farmer
"and ſuch ſort of people, may perhaps have
"common honeſty and vulgar virtues; but
"take my word for it, the more refined and
"generous ſentiments of honour, courage and
"magnanimity can only flow in ancient and
"noble blood. What ſhall animate a tradeſ-
"man or mean-born man to any great and
"heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of
"his anceſtors? He has none. Or ſhall it be
"that impure blood that rather ſtagnates than
"circulates in his veins? No; ANCIENT
"BIRTH and NOBLE BLOOD are the only
"true ſources of great virtues. This truth
"appears even among brutes, who we may
"obſerve never degenerate, except in caſes

"of

"of miſ-alliances with their inferiors. Are "not the pedigrees of horſes, cocks, dogs, &c. "carefully preſerved, as the never failing "proofs of their ſwiftneſs and courage? I re-"peat it again, BIRTH is an ineſtimable ad-"vantage, not to be adequately underſtood "but by thoſe who have it."

MY friend was going on, and to ſay the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the ſelf-evidence of his facts, had intirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unſpeakable advantages of ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH; and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in conſequence of my being lineally deſcended from the firſt man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and ſeemed rather diſpleaſed; whether from a ſuſpicion that I was jeſting, or upon an apprehenſion that I meant to *out-deſcend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himſelf with ſaying, "That is not a neceſſary conſequence neither, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſince I have read ſome-"where or other of pre-adamites, which opi-"nion did not ſeem to me an abſurd one."

HERE

HERE I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the aſtoniſhing powers of ſelf-love, that can extract comfort and pleaſure from ſuch groundleſs, abſurd and extravagant prejudices. In all other reſpects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational ſubject. But ſuch is the inconſiſtency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one muſt not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one ſhining excellence.

NUMB. 115. THURSDAY, *March* 13, 1755.

THOUGH it is a general obſervation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in SELF, yet to any impartial perſon who reads over with attention the advertiſements in our public papers, it will appear that there are inſtances of public-ſpiritedneſs in the preſent times, that put to ſhame every record that can be produced in favour of

of times paſt: and though I am ſorry to ſay that theſe inſtances are confined to one particular profeſſion of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and univerſal. Not to keep my readers in ſuſpence, the public-ſpirited gentlemen I mean, are the *gentlemen of the faculty*, or, as they more modeſtly call themſelves, *the practitioners in phyſic*. The diſintereſted zeal with which theſe gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind, ought, I confeſs, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine; and happy indeed is it that they themſelves ſeem to think ſo; and have therefore done that juſtice to their own merits, which their warmeſt advocates muſt have deſpaired of doing for them.

THE moſt illuſtrious doctor DE CORTESE, phyſician of the moſt ſerene republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no leſs illuſtrious doctor TOSCANO, his colleague, has generouſly taken up his reſidence in this metropolis, where diſeaſes and death fly before him.

A PHYSICIAN of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly ſetting forth in the daily papers,

papers, that "As nothing is more repugnant "to humanity than denying relief to a fellow-"creature in miſery, applauſe ſurely is moſt "due to thoſe, who by long ſtudy and great "application, have extracted a medicine from "the vegetable and mineral creation, that in-"fallibly cures, &c."

THE truly diſintereſted proprietor of *the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts*, condeſcends to do himſelf the juſtice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his addreſs to the public in the following words, "That the UNHAPPY may know "where to apply for relief, is the full end of "this advertiſement."

THE *gentleman of much experience in phyſic*, who has diſcovered the celebrated LOTION or waſh that makes every body beautiful, tells us "*That for the* CONVENIENCY *of perſons of* "*diſtinction, and the* GENERAL GOOD *of man-*"*kind*, it is ſold at Mr. Foy's china-ſhop, "oppoſite St. James's palace."

WHO is there that can read, that does not look with admiration and aſtoniſhment on the diſintereſted benevolence of theſe truly great perſons? But when we conſider a ſtill greater inſtance

inſtance of public-ſpiritedneſs; when we think of that juſtly celebrated great man and phyſician, the incomparable doctor TAYLOR; who not ſatisfied with reſtoring the invaluable bleſſing of ſight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable viſits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations; where ſhall we find words to expreſs the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleaſure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his holineſs the Pope and their eminences the Cardinals, on the arrival of that illuſtrious perſon at Rome, of which the Daily Advertiſer thus particularly informs us.

"ROME, December the 27th. The CHE-
"VALIER TAYLOR, celebrated medicine-
"oculiſt to their imperial majeſties, to the kings
"of Great Britain, Poland, Sweden, Denmark,
"and to all the ſovereign princes in Europe,
"arrived a few weeks ſince in this capital
"from Muſcovy, and the morning after his
"arrival was preſented to his holineſs. From
"the reputation he has acquired here by the
"ſucceſs he had with the princeſſes of Ruſ-
"puly,

"puly, Juſtinana, and with many other illuſ-
"trious perſonages, together with a number
"extraordinary of the ſubjects of this country,
"the Pope has not only been pleaſed to grant
"him three different audiences, but has de-
"clared him, by patent, medicine-oculiſt
"to his perſon and court: and to give him
"yet a greater mark of his favour, has cauſed
"him to be made Chevalier of his court, to
"be received as a member of the Roman ſe-
"nate, and a fellow of the Roman univerſity.
"The patents of theſe dignities, together with
"all the others he has received from the courts
"and univerſities abroad, are in the hands of
"his ſon in London. By a liſt it appears,
"that the CHEVALIER is now phyſician-oculiſt
"(by patent) to ſix crowned heads; to near
"twenty ſovereign princes; member of almoſt
"all the univerſities, academies and ſocieties
"of the learned in Europe; that he is the
"author of twenty-four different works that
"he has wrote himſelf in different languages,
"three of which are publiſhed in Italian: and,
"to complete all, he was received as a mem-
"per of the univerſity of Padua, by order of
the

"the ſenate of Venice, with diſtinct appro-
"bation from the famous profeſſor Morgany:
"and this crowned by the dignities he has
"received from the court and ſenate of Rome.
"The CHEVALIER will direct his courſe
"through Italy, where he will end his tour
"through all Europe."

I HAVE tranſcribed the whole of this advertiſement (which poſſibly may not appear to be quite as accurately worded as if drawn up by the doctor himſelf) becauſe I am deſirous of reſcuing from a periſhable news-paper the authentic records of the dignities and honours of the CHEVALIER TAYLOR. I cannot conceal from my readers that I have one melancholy thought upon this occaſion; it is, that as moſt of theſe high honours have been conferred upon the CHEVALIER by catholic princes, and particularly by his holineſs the Pope, it is greatly to be feared that from a principle of gratitude, the CHEVALIER may poſſibly have made them a compliment of his proteſtant faith. If my apprehenſions of this event are groundleſs, how ought we to rejoice that ſuch diſtinguiſhed titles are beſtowed,

even

even by the enemies of our religion, upon one of our own countrymen!

INDEED as the principal bleſſing of life is health, it is no wonder that princes and great men are ſo ready to reward with honours all thoſe who are the inſurers of it: and it is with no ſmall ſatisfaction that I ſee thoſe eminent phyſicians, doctor ROCK, doctor WEST, together with a long *et cætera* of doctors, who content themſelves with publiſhing their merits without their names, offering their ſeveral ſpecifics to the public under a patent from the crown.

BUT it is the diſintereſted ſpirit of theſe great perſons, and not their honours, that I am at preſent celebrating: and I take ſhame to myſelf, that as an author, and conſequently a phyſician of the mind, I have been leſs careful in ſetting forth either the excellency of my labours, or in extending them as I ought to have done to all ſorts of people. I had never conſidered till very lately that the paper of the WORLD, though it coſt no more than twopence, and is publiſhed but once a week, yet when continued to a hundred thouſand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time (for I have

have taken care that the ſecret of writing it ſhall not die with me) muſt be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due conſideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and diſintereſted ſpirit of my brethren the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr. Dodſley to bind up in three neat pocket volumes the aggregate of theſe my labours for the years one thouſand ſeven hundred fifty three, and one thouſand ſeven hundred fifty four; and to diſtribute the ſaid volumes among all the bookſellers of this great metropolis, to be ſold by them to-morrow and forever at ſo ſmall a price as three ſhillings a volume. And I have the pleaſure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts, *that to relieve the* UNHAPPY *is the full end of this publication.*

FOR the great utility of theſe incomparable volumes, I might refer the reader to the praiſes I have almoſt every where beſtowed upon them in the volumes themſelves, though, I confeſs, not altogether in ſo ample a manner as their merits required. I might alſo have preſented him with a liſt of atteſtations ſent me under

under the hands and ſeals of moſt of the principal nobility of theſe kingdoms, ſetting forth their marvellous effects on their morals and underſtandings: but as theſe atteſtations would have made a much larger work than the volumes themſelves, I thought it prudent to omit them. In fact, nothing need be ſaid of theſe books, but that they are an eaſy, pleaſant and infallible cure for every diſorder of the human mind.

I HAD written thus far, when I received a viſit from a friend, who, upon my acquainting him with the public-ſpirited ſcheme which I have here laid before my readers, ſhook his head, and told me, that an author of his acquaintance had greatly out-done me in generoſity; of which he could convince me in an hour's time. He then left me abruptly, without ſo much as waiting for an anſwer, and in leſs than the time promiſed, ſent me the following advertiſement, cut out of a news-paper.

"This day was publiſhed nurſe Truelove's "new-year's gift, or the book of books for "children, adorned with cuts, and deſigned "as a preſent for every little boy who would "become a great man and ride upon a fine "horſe;

" horſe; and to every little girl who would
" become a great woman, and ride in a lord-
" mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author,
" who has ordered theſe books to be given
" GRATIS to all little good boys and girls, at
" the bible and crown in St. Paul's church-
" yard, they paying for the binding, which
" is only two-pence each book."

I CONFESS very freely that the generoſity of this advertiſement put me a little out of countenance; but as I pique myſelf upon nothing ſo much as my benevolence to mankind, I ſoon came to a reſolution not to be out-done by this public-ſpirited gentleman; and I hereby give notice, that the above-mentioned three volumes of the WORLD, together with a very elaborate index to each (all of which were, I confeſs, intended to be SOLD) will now be given GRATIS at every bookſeller's ſhop in town, to all ſorts of perſons, *they only paying* NINE SHILLINGS *for the* BINDING.

NUMB. 116. THURSDAY, *March* 20, 1755.

Perſonam, thyrſumque tenent, et ſubligar Acci. JUV.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM left guardian to three young ladies, whoſe father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addreſſes to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not obtain admittance till he had firſt procured himſelf the ornament of a ſtar and ribbon, and would never have gained the lady but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his ſucceſs was owing to theſe exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good ſenſe of his lady; but as ſhe made my friend a good wife, I reflected that ſhe might juſtly be influenced by the ribbon, as it marked the conſequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it ſeemed to beſpeak his riches. It is however ſtill a doubt with me whether ſhe ever felt a ſincere paſſion for the man ſhe married; and what

what encreaſes this doubt, is, that I could never diſcover in either of her daughters any ſymptom of what I can properly call love. The eldeſt, who reads romances, is continually profeſſing a ſincere diſpoſition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who ſhall enterprize, fight, ſtarve, or catch cold for her. The ſecond would be happy with a ſcarecrow, who, with the dignity of a title, ſhould diſcover what ſhe calls a Taſte, in tricking out his perſon with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third would never deſire to *ſee* the object of her paſſion, provided ſhe might receive reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and ſuch miſſive weapons, which do moſt execution from a diſtance. Laſt week my three wards came into my room, deſiring leave to go to the next maſquerade. I gave a haſty conſent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be ſafe on the ſide of love; but ſince I have recollected my thoughts, I am apprehenſive that the eldeſt may be caught by ſome *avanturier*, with ſounding language and a romantic habit; the ſecond by a Turkiſh emperor not worth ten chequins; and the youngeſt by a

ſmooth-

ſmooth-tongued flattering poet, who when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a ſhepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be ſurprized, after this repreſentation, to hear me complain of the diſtreſs my promiſe has brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I muſt for once truſt them to their fate. But I cannot forbear entreating you, while the impreſſion is ſtrong in my mind, to write a paper on the dangerous conſequences which theſe fantaſtic diverſions may bring on young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my raſh conſent has already produced. This morning I found the eldeſt of my young ladies dreſſed out, as ſhe told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a ſuit of Perſian armour of her own contrivance. The ſecond, who is of a large ſize, and has contracted a remarkable unwieldineſs by the ſtate ſhe obſerves in never moving off her couch, was at the ſame time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which ſhe wears herſelf in one of her ſerious dances.

The youngeſt was a muſe, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that ſhe had not *ſettled her head.* I could not help ſaying I was ſorry I had contributed my part to the *unſettling it.* This was very ill received; which indeed I might have foreſeen, as well from the oppoſition which it implied to her diverſion, as becauſe the muſe, of all things in the world, deteſts a pun.

THIS, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning of an affair, which I am afraid will have a worſe end. If it be attended with any of the conſequences which I apprehend, you ſhall hear farther from me; in the mean time I hope to hear from You on this ſubject, and am

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correſpondent, and as it is now near a month ſince his letter came to hand, I am apt to think that none of thoſe dreadful conſequences have happened which he ſo

greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies eſcaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I MUST confeſs I am one of thoſe who think a maſquerade an innocent amuſement, and that people have long ſince left off going to it with any deſign either good or bad: not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with leſs difficulty in other places, and without the ſuſpicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to ſay, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming table, they will run no other hazard at the maſquerade than that of making themſelves ridiculous. I will go ſtill farther, by proteſting againſt the injuſtice of charging this diverſion in particular with the miſchiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correſpondent's letter, by ſuppoſing that the men game higher, or that the women dreſs more fantaſtically in the Haymarket than elſewhere. That it is an unprofitable amuſement, and not worth the anxiety and pains that are uſually beſtowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge, but have nothing farther to ſay againſt it.

AND here I cannot help obſerving, for the information of the declaimer againſt the preſent times, that our anceſtors beſtowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than their poſterity have done ſince; and that they were ſometimes attended with more dangerous conſequences. Witneſs the famous *Balet des Ardens*, where Charles the ſixth of France and ſeveral young gentlemen of his court, in order to repreſent ſavages, endeavoured to imitate hair by ſticking flax upon their cloſe jackets of canvas, which were beſmeared for that purpoſe with pitch and other inflammable matter, and all, excepting the king, chained themſelves together ſo faſt, that a ſpark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dreſſes, burnt two of them to death before they could be ſeparated, and ſcorched the others ſo that the greateſt part of them died in a few days.

HENRY the eighth was the firſt who brought theſe diverſions into England; and as they were very amuſing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great ſucceſs. It is perhaps to a building erected by that monarch for an occaſional maſquerade,

maſquerade, that the firſt idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be denied that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a deſcription of which, together with the diſaſter that befel it, is thus particularly ſet forth by the hiſtorian of thoſe times.

"THE king cauſed to be builded a banquet-
"ing-houſe, eight hundred feet in compaſs,
"like a theatre after a goodly device, builded
"in ſuch manner as (I think) was never
"ſeen. And in the midſt of the ſame ban-
"queting-houſe was ſet up a great pillar of
"timber, made of eight great maſts, bound
"together with iron bands for to hold them
"together: for it was a hundred and thirty
"four feet in length, and coſt ſix pounds
"thirteen ſhillings and four pence to ſet it
"upright. The banqueting-houſe was co-
"vered over with canvas, faſtened with ropes
"and iron as faſt as might be deviſed; and
"within the ſaid houſe was painted the hea-
"vens with ſtars, ſun, moon and clouds,
"with divers other things made above over
"men's heads. And about the high pillar of
"timber that ſtood upright in the midſt, was

" made ſtages of timber for organs and other
" inſtruments to ſtand upon, and men to play
" on them. But in the morning of the ſame
" day wherein the building was accompliſhed,
" the wind began to riſe, and at night blew
" off the canvas and all the elements, with
" the ſtars, ſun, moon and clouds, and all
" the king's ſeats that were made with great
" riches, beſides all other things were all
" daſhed and loſt.;'

THUS fell the firſt Ranelagh, though built (according to this hiſtorian) as ſtrong as could be deviſed. The modern Ranelagh has proved itſelf to be a ſtronger building, having as yet been affected by no ſtorms but thoſe of the legiſlature: and (if our magiſtrates had thought proper) we might ſtill have challenged all Europe to ſhew us the diverſion of a maſquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the ſpaciouſneſs of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the ſplendor of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. That the choice of the latter may no longer be a torture to the invention, or occaſion the ſame hurry, embarraſſment and diſappointment that I am told have happened on ſome

late

late occaſions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys of St. Martin's lane, is now engraving ſelect repreſentations of the moſt approved modes of dreſs of all thoſe nations who have diſcovered either taſte or fancy in that ſcience. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himſelf as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has beſtowed in aſcertaining the geography of thoſe parts of the globe with which this country is moſt particularly connected, and which may ſometimes furniſh topics for converſation to the full as entertaining as the moſt earneſt preparations for a ſubſcription maſquerade.

NUMB. 117. THURSDAY, *March* 27, 1755.

In nova fert animus. OVID.

THERE is perhaps no paſſion which more ſtrongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more forcibly, or actuates more univerſally, than the

deſire of NOVELTY. Its effects appear conſpicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in thoſe refinements which are the natural conſequence of an extenſive intercourſe with other countries, and of wealth, ſecurity and eaſe, under the lenity of a free government.

THE Athenians, the moſt poliſhed nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed theſe advantages in the higheſt degree, were, if we may truſt their own writers, as paſſionately fond of the SOMETHING NEW as my own countrymen can poſſibly be; nay, far exceeded them: for however great may be the expence to which we have puſhed our invention of freſh objects for the public amuſement, yet we muſt yield the ſuperiority, no leſs in extravagance, than we do in taſte, to a people, who expended the treaſure which was deſtined to clothe and feed an army, or to man a fleet, on diverſions and entertainments at home. It may ſurprize ſome of our gayeſt moderns to inform them, that, without ridotto's, maſquerades and opera's, the charge only of acting three tragedies of Sophocles amounted to the ſum total of the

ſupplies

ſupplies raiſed for the ſervice of the republic in a general war.

THE paſſion for novelty, as it acts on different ſubjects, has very different conſequences. When religion or government are its objects, it is the ſource of moſt terrible evils. New men and new models have been the dread of the wiſeſt politicians; and when things are tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing, has been generally thought the ſafeſt maxim for the happineſs of the community. Too great a deſire of novelty, either in the governed, or in the governing, has often diſturbed the peace of kingdoms. When it goes no farther than to decide the dreſs of the perſon, or the ornaments of our equipage, all is ſafe; its higheſt degree of exceſs will then only afford a ſubject of ridicule. A ſmart-cocked hat, or embroidered ſleeve, a ſhort petticoat, or well-fancied furbelow, will neither endanger the church, nor embroil the ſtate. The purſuit indeed of ſuch kind of novelties may rather occaſion many advantages to the public; while that vanity which is abſurd in the particular, is uſeful in the general. Novelty and faſhion are the ſource and ſupport of

trade, by conſtantly ſupplying matter for the employment of induſtry. By encreaſing the wants, they increaſe the connections of mankind; and ſo long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, in diſabling the rich from paying the reward of that induſtry to the poor, they anſwer excellent purpoſes to ſociety.

NOT only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and eaſe of life, but even of thoſe which conſtitute its real ornament, are owing to this deſire of novelty. Yet here too we may grow wanton; and nature ſeems to have ſet us bounds, which we cannot paſs without running into great abſurdities. For the very principle which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts, may become the cauſe of their degeneracy and corruption. The ſearch of the SOMETHING NEW has ſtep by ſtep conducted mankind to the diſcovery of all that is truly beautiful in thoſe arts; and the ſame ſearch (for the deſire of novelty never ſtops) already begins to urge us beyond that point to which a juſt taſte ſhould always confine itſelf.

HENCE it is that muſical compoſition ceaſes

to

to be admired merely for touching the paſſions and for changing the emotions of the heart from the ſoft to the ſtrong, from the amorous to the fierce, or from the gay to the melancholy, and only ſeems to be then conſidered as highly excellent, when it impreſſes us with the idea of difficulty in the execution.

IMAGES unnatural and unconnected, and a ſtyle quaint and embarraſſed with its own pomp, but void of meaning and ſentiment, will always be the conſequence of endeavouring, in the ſame way, to introduce a new taſte into poetry. Hence it will become vehement without ſtrength, and ornamented without beauty; and the native, warm, and ſoftly winning language of that amiable miſtreſs, will ceaſe to pleaſe her more judicious lovers by an affectation of pleaſing only in a new manner.

STRANGE as it may appear that this ſhould find admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applauſe which is ſo fondly given to Chineſe decorations, or to the barbarous productions of a Gothic genius, which ſeems once more to threaten the ruin of that ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed the Greek

Greek and Roman arts as eternally ſuperior to thoſe of every other nation.

FEW men are endued with a juſt taſte; that is, with an aptitude to diſcover what is proper, fit and right, and conſequently beautiful, in the ſeveral objects which offer themſelves to their view. Though beauty in theſe external objects, like truth in thoſe of the underſtanding, is ſelf-evident and immutable, yet, like truth, it may be ſeen perverſely, or not at all, becauſe not conſidered. Now all men are equally ſtruck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this firſt emotion, call in their judgment to correct the deciſion of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleaſure they feel has any other cauſe than mere novelty. It is certain that a frequent review and comparing of the ſame objects together would greatly improve an indifferent taſte; and that hardly any one would be unable to determine, when once accuſtomed to ſuch an attention, whether the proportions of architecture taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, or from the emperor of China's palace at Pekin, produced the moſt agreeable forms.

THE

THE preſent vogue of Chineſe and Gothic architecture has, beſides its novelty, another cauſe of its good reception; which is, that there is no difficulty in being merely WHIMSICAL. A ſpirit capable of entering into all the beauties of antique ſimplicity, is the portion of minds uſed to reflection, and the reſult of a corrected judgment: but here all men are equal. A manner confined to no rules cannot fail of having the crowd of imitators in its party, where novelty is the ſole criterion of elegance. It is no objection, that the very end of all building is forgot; that all reference to uſe and climate, all relation of one proportion to another, of the thing ſupporting to the thing ſupported, of the acceſſary to the principal, and of the parts to the whole, is often entirely ſubverted.

THE paintings, which like the architecture, continually revolt againſt the truth of things, as little ſurely deſerve the name of elegant. Falſe lights, falſe ſhadows, falſe perſpective and proportions, gay colours, without that gradation of tints, that mutual variety of enlightened and darkened objects which relieve and give force to each other, at the ſame time

that

that they give eaſe and repoſe to the eye, in ſhort, every incoherent combination of forms in nature, without expreſſion and without meaning, are the eſſentials of Chineſe painting.

As this Chineſe and Gothic ſpirit has begun to deform ſome of the fineſt ſtreets in this capital, whenever an academy ſhall be founded for the promoting the arts of ſculpture, painting and architecture, ſome ſcheme ſhould be thought of at the ſame time to diſcourage the encroachment of this pretended elegance; and an ANTI-CHINESE ſociety will be a much more important inſtitution in the world of arts, than the ANTI-GALLICAN in that of politics. A correſpondent of mine, I dare ſay, would be glad to be a member of it, if we may be allowed to judge of his ſentiments from the following letter.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM married to a lady of great fortune, of which, as I had little or none myſelf, ſhe has reſerved the ſole diſpoſition to her own management by the marriage articles. She is paſſionately fond of novelty, and changes her dreſs and furniture as often almoſt as ſhe does her

her temper. In ſhort every thing about her is a proof of her mutability. She has not more new head-dreſſes in a year, than new words, which ſhe is perpetually coining, becauſe ſhe would paſs for a wit. The unintelligibility of her dialect occaſions ſometimes great confuſion in the family; and her acquaintance no ſooner begin to underſtand her, than ſhe changes her phraſeology, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expreſſion. She came home the other morning from a viſit, in raptures with lady Fiddlefaddle's Chineſe dreſſing room; ſince which we have had moſt terrible revolutions. Her grandfather, who left her every thing, was a man celebrated for his taſte; but his fine collection of pictures by the beſt Italian maſters is now converted into Indian paintings; and the beautiful vaſes, buſts and ſtatues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great-bellied Chineſe pagods, red dragons, and the repreſentation of the ugliеſt monſters that ever, or rather never exiſted. This extravagance is not confined within doors. The garden is filled with whimſical buildings, at a prodigious expence;

expence; with ſummer houſes without ſhade, and with temples that ſeem to be dedicated to no other deities than the winds. If by reading your paper ſhe could be perſuaded to leave off every Chineſe faſhion, but that of pinched feet and not ſtirring abroad, I ſhould think myſelf a happy man, and very much, Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Your obliged humble ſervant.

NUMB. 118. THURSDAY, *April* 3, 1755.

Vicinas urbes alit. HOR.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, ſenſe, converſation, all private and public affections are totally ſwallowed up by the ſingle predominant paſſion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally uſeful than thoſe of preceding ages. I am particularly pleaſed with conſidering the

progreſs

progreſs which a juſt taſte and real good ſenſe have made in the modern mode of gardening. This ſcience is at preſent founded on ſuch noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embelliſhments he rides by, than the viſitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

THE modern art of *laying out ground* (for ſo we muſt call it, till a new name be adopted to expreſs ſo complicated an idea) has ſpread ſo widely, and its province is become ſo extenſive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity we ſhall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural ſcenery in Virgil, hardly to correſpond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villa's of Cicero and Pliny, which they have ſo affectionately deſcribed, do not raiſe our admiration. A favourable aſpect, variety of portico's and ſhades of plane trees, ſeem to be their greateſt merit. Their ſucceſſors in that happy climate have made their gardens repoſitories for ſtatues, bas relieves, urns, and whatever is by them

them intitled *virtù*; the diſpoſition of which ornaments, together with ſome ſtraight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, compleat their ſyſtem.

In France the genius of *Le Nautre* would probably have ſhewn itſelf in more beautiful productions than the Tuilleries and Verſailles, had it not been ſhackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taſte been overlaid by magnificence.

This forced taſte, aggravated by ſome Dutch acquiſitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of nature in this country, though ſeveral of our beſt writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for thoſe improvements which have ſince followed. Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleaſure on that at More-Park in Hertfordſhire; yet after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for uſe, beauty and magnificence, he riſes to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic ſpirit, points out a higher ſtyle, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the ſpot; and it ſeems to have been the peculiar deſtiny of that delightful place, to

have

have paſſed through all the transformations and modes of taſte, having exerciſed the genius of the moſt eminent artiſts ſucceſſively, and ſerving as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundleſs imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of Paradiſe Loſt, ſtruck out a plan of a garden, which I would propoſe for the entertainment and inſtruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects and ambition of modern deſigning.

It is the peculiar happineſs of this age to ſee theſe juſt and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity baniſhed, proſpects opened, the country called in, nature reſcued and improved, and art decently concealing herſelf under her own perfections.

I ENLARGE upon this ſubject, becauſe I would do juſtice to our nobility and men of fortune, who by a ſeaſonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amuſement a national good. It is notorious that in the ſeaſon of the harveſt, the ſcarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is ſo great, that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unleſs they can keep them in employment the other nine.

Here

Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the aſſiſtance of the labourer; and as it conſiſts chiefly in the removal of earth, the whole coſt goes directly to his ſupport.

It has been the conſtant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes ſhould be laid on luxury. How happy is it that luxury ſhould take ſo large a ſhare in the payment of that tax, which lies moſt heavy on the preſent times! I mean the poor's rate. Our manufactures, it muſt be granted, are of the greateſt national benefit; inaſmuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be inſufficient to ſupport. But the fact is, that in the harveſt ſeaſon there is always the greateſt ſcarcity of huſbandmen in thoſe countries where manufactures are moſt known to flouriſh: and it is alſo a fact, that our manufactures afford no ſupport to the huſbandman in the other ſeaſons: ſo that I know of nothing that can procure to him the neceſſaries of life in the winter, but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable ſeaſon to the works abovementioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almoſt every part of England.

I MUST

I MUST alſo do our men of taſte the juſtice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the firſt embelliſhers of the gardens in the preſent mode, was the ſame nobleman who eſtabliſhed the looms for carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, induſtry encouraged, and variety of manufactures inſtituted by the magnificent charity of the noble perſon, who among the leaſt of his perfections muſt be allowed to be the beſt planter in Europe. And if ever this country ſhould boaſt the eſtabliſhment of the art of weaving tapeſtry, ſhe will be beholden to the ſame Royal hand to which ſhe owes (if I may name it after the exalted bleſſings of LIBERTY and PEACE) the adorning Windſor park.

WHATEVER may have been reported, whether truly or falſely, of the Chineſe gardens, it is certain that we are the firſt of the Europeans who have founded this taſte; and we have been ſo fortunate in the genius of thoſe who have had the direction of ſome of our fineſt ſpots of ground, that we may now boaſt a ſucceſs equal to that profuſion of expence

pence which has been deſtined to promote the rapid progreſs of this happy enthuſiaſm. Our gardens are already the aſtoniſhment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accuſtom themſelves to conſider and underſtand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taſte of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to viſit us, this other taſte will greatly contribute to make the growing faſhion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to ſee part of thoſe ſums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year ſo unprofitably drained of.

But to ſee this ſcience in the ſtrongeſt light of a political benefit, let us conſider what pains have been unſucceſsfully taken for many years paſt by the beſt patriots of Spain to introduce, not only manufactures, but even agriculture itſelf, among the ſtarving inhabitants. Theſe conceited Quixotes, who pleaſe themſelves with boaſting that the ſun is continually enlightening ſome part of their dominions, are ſo ſatisfied with this important reflection, that they ſeem to deſire no other advantage from his beams. Uſtariz, their lateſt

and

and beſt writer on commerce, has beſtowed whole pages in deſcribing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the preſent race uſeleſs, the growing hope cut off, and all this becauſe the inhabitants cannot be perſuaded to uſe the moſt obvious means for their ſuſtenance and preſervation, the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudeſt Spaniard to apply himſelf earneſtly to the cultivation of his country: I mean by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a faſhion; if they would talk, as one may frequently hear the firſt men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themſelves upon their ſucceſs in huſbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be uſefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as thoſe of his neighbour; he would then take his ſtately ſtrides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addiſon ſays of Virgil) "throw about his dung with an "air of majeſty." He would then find a nobler uſe for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpoſe of a bull-feaſt; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would in a few years make

make his country the fineſt garden in the univerſe.

If the noble duke who cloathed the ſands of Claremont with ſuch exquiſite verdure, had made the ſame glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no leſs riches, and much more happineſs to that nation, than the conqueſts of Philip, or the diſcoveries of Columbus.

NUMB. 119. THURSDAY, *April* 10, 1755.

Sanctius his animal, mentiſque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera poſſit.
OVID.

IT has been hinted to me ſince the publication of my laſt week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merit of the Great in making that ſcience uſeful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of thoſe liberal genius's, under whoſe immediate direction all theſe improvements are carried on, while

their benevolent patrons are employed in other ſervices to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing juſtice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extenſive and various talents, which the almoſt omniſcient profeſſors of gardening may ſo juſtly boaſt.

THE good old Engliſh nobleman or country ſquire, whoſe delight was a garden, uſed to take from the tail of the plough a ſet of animals whom he conſidered as beings of the ſame order with thoſe who drew it; and ſetting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to lean over their ſpades, and ſettle their ſeveral plans for poaching, wood-ſtealing, ſkittle-playing and pſalm-ſinging, he went and enjoyed himſelf with his dogs and horſes. But ſince we have laid aſide that plain and eaſy direction, "Fol-"low the ſtrait line," and have in its ſtead ſubſtituted that exceeding difficult one, "Fol-"low nature," the above-mentioned animals have never been truſted a moment to themſelves, but have had a creature of a ſuperior

kind ſet over them, whoſe office is beſt explained by the ſcolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their courſe, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

THIS office is of late grown ſo reſpectable, that the true adept in it may juſtly be ſtyled the high prieſt of nature. But it is not nature alone that he ſtudies; all arts are inveſtigated by his comprehenſive genius. He muſt be well acquainted with optics, hydroſtatics, mechanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c; and ſince it has been thought neceſſary to embelliſh rural ſcenes with all the varieties of architecture, from ſingle pillars and obeliſks, to bridges, ruins, pavilions, and even caſtles and churches, it is not enough for our profeſſor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the ſpecies of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyſſop on the wall; he muſt alſo rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio viſus* to advantage. Hydroſtatics are moſt immediately neceſſary, ſince it is decreed that every place muſt have a

piece

piece of water: and as every piece of water muſt have a boat of a peculiar contrivance, mechanics come in to his aſſiſtance; and he is carried over the glaſſy ſurface by ſnakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever elſe he pleaſes. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if our gardens continue to increaſe in extent, in the ſame proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be ſoon called in, to meaſure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But ſuch extenſion of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are ſiſter arts; but our general lover has poſſeſſed them both, in ſpite of their conſanguinity. And as for poetry, though he knows her to be the greateſt jilt in the univerſe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad ſtem and a ſmooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inſcription; and Greek, Phænician, Tuſcan, and Perſic, are ornaments to a ruin.

HAPPY is the man of fortune, who has

ſuch a director to influence and guide his taſte, as the demon of Socrates is ſaid to have continually accompanied that philoſopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourouſly deſcribes a man, who without having the inward call, was deſirous of being thought as religious as the reſt of his neighbours of thoſe times. "This man, ſays he, finds himſelf out ſome "factor, to whoſe care and credit he may com- "mit the whole managing of his religious af- "fairs; ſome divine of note and eſtimation; "and makes the very perſon of that man his "religion. He entertains him, lodges him: "his religion comes home at night, prays, "is liberally ſupped, and ſumptuouſly laid to "ſleep: riſes, is ſaluted, and after being well "breakfaſted, his religion walks abroad, "and leaves his kind entertainer in the "ſhop, trading all day *without his reli-* "*gion.*" Juſt in this manner does the mere man of faſhion in theſe times think it neceſſary to have a TASTE; but though he does not commonly carry his TASTE about with him, he is ſeldom ſo imprudent as to take any ſteps in his garden *without his* TASTE.

IN an age ſo liberal of new names, it ſeems extra-

extraordinary that these universal connoisseurs have as yet obtained no title of honour or distinction. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modesty; for to that alone must we attribute their having so long been without one; especially as they might as easily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient sages, who called their profession after themselves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philosophy. Nor have they shewn less modesty in their expectation of returns for their inestimable services, as will appear upon a comparison of their rewards with those of the ancient artists.

MANDROCLES, who built the famous bridge over the Bosphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the cost of that expensive undertaking. Whereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a good modern jobb; and no artist in our memory has aspired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of, was the canal of mount Athos; for which it was impossible that the director should receive any other than an honorary reward, because he died as soon

as it was finiſhed. His name was Artachæus; he was in ſtature the talleſt of all the Perſians, and his voice ſtronger than that of any other man; two very uſeful accompliſhments in an overſeer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly ſenſible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a ſumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him as a hero with ſacrifices and invocations.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, captain Perry! A genius whoſe remembrance muſt make this nation both proud and aſhamed. His performances are ſufficient to give credit to the works abovementioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largeſt veſſels in a few hours? But rather let me aſk what was his reward for that national work at home, the ſtopping Daggenham breach? I am ſorry to anſwer, that he was perſecuted and ſuffered to ſtarve, for the debts he had contracted in accompliſhing an

undertaking ſo eſſential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the exiſtence of its metropolis.

I HOPE our men of fortune will make more generous returns to thoſe who adminiſter ſo eſſentially to their pleaſures: and I would have them diſtinguiſh between thoſe dull mechanical rogues, whoſe thoughts never wander beyond the ſphere of gain, and the generous ſpirit who is warmed by his profeſſion, and who thinks himſelf paid by the exquiſite ſcenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypreſs ſhall alone of all his various plantations accompany him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the moſt conſpicuous part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inſcribe it with propriety and truth, GENIO LOCI.

NUMB. 120. THURSDAY, *April* 17, 1755.

MOST people complain of fortune; few of nature: and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injuſtice of the former.

WHY have not I the riches, the rank, the power of ſuch and ſuch, is the common expoſtulation with fortune: but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of ſuch and ſuch others, is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

THE truth is, that nature, ſeldom profuſe, and ſeldom niggardly, has diſtributed her gifts more equally than ſhe is generally ſuppoſed to have done. Education and ſituations make the great difference. Culture improves, and occaſions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may uſe that pedantic word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæſars, Cromwells and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and,

and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the ſoil muſt be cultivated, and the ſeaſons favourable, for the fruit to have all its ſpirit and flavour.

If ſometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the ſcales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoiſe of vanity, which never fails to ſet all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reſerve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus ſatisfied with the diſpenſations of nature, how few liſten to her voice? How few follow her as their guide? In vain ſhe points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation and faſhion aſſume her ſhape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by ſerious conſequences, and always by ridiculous ones: for there is nothing truer than the trite obſervation, "that people are never "ridiculous for being what they really are, "but for affecting to appear what they really "are not." Affectation is the only ſource,

and at the ſame time, the only juſtifiable object of ridicule. No man whatſoever, be his pretenſions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous: it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without ſome induſtry: which perhaps is the reaſon why ſo many people are ſo jealous, and tenacious of it.

EVEN ſome people's VICES are not their own, but affected and adopted (though at the ſame time unenjoyed) in hopes of ſhining in thoſe faſhionable ſocieties, where the reputation of certain vices gives luſtre. In theſe caſes, the execution is commonly as awkward, as the deſign is abſurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

THIS calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of ſome rank and fortune, juſt let looſe from the univerſity, reſolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to aſſume the ſhining character of, what he called, a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profeſſion, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noiſy. Being one night at the repreſentation of that moſt abſurd play, the *Libertine deſtroyed*, he was ſo charmed

charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that to the edification of the audience, he ſwore many oaths that he would be the Libertine *deſtroyed*. A diſcreet friend of his, who ſat by him, kindly repreſented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable deſign, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the Libertine *deſtroyed*, ſeemed to him an unneceſſary part of his plan, and rather raſh. He perſiſted, however, in his firſt reſolution, and inſiſted upon being the Libertine, and *deſtroyed*. Probably he was ſo; at leaſt the preſumption is in his favour. There are, I am perſuaded, ſo many caſes of this nature, that for my own part, I would deſire no greater ſtep towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that people ſhould have no vices but *their own*.

THE blockhead who affects wiſdom, becauſe nature has given him dulneſs, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have ſtagnated unobſerved in his native mud, or perhaps have engroſſed deeds, collected ſhells, and ſtudied heraldry, or logic, with ſome ſucceſs.

THE ſhining coxcomb aims at all, and decides

cides finally upon every thing, becauſe nature has given him pertneſs. The degree of parts, and animal ſpirits, neceſſary to conſtitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him uſeful in many parts of life; but his affectation and preſumption make him uſeleſs in moſt, and ridiculous in all.

THE ſeptuagenary fine gentleman might, probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be eſteemed and reſpected in the ſeveral relations of domeſtic life, which, at his age, nature points out to him: but he will moſt ridiculouſly ſpin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dreſſes, languiſhes, ogles, as he did at five and twenty; and modeſtly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at laſt appears to be the proſtitute he had long kept (not to himſelf) whom he marries and owns, becauſe *the poor girl was ſo fond of him, and ſo deſirous to be made an honeſt woman.*

THE ſexagenary widow remembers that ſhe was handſome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herſelf ſo, or, at leaſt, very *likeable* ſtill. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty, unpardonably

ably continue, increaſe even with her years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gawdy glittering parts of dreſs, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expoſe to the higheſt and the juſteſt ridicule, her ſhrivelled or her overgrown carcaſe. She totters or ſweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries and brocades, which, like ſo many Egyptian hieroglyphics, ſerve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her auguſt mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderneſs, or leer deſire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the half-pay captain underſtands it. He addreſſes his vows to her vanity, which aſſures her they are ſincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every ſocial duty. He tenderly prefers Her (though not without ſome heſitation) to a Jail.

SELF-LOVE, kept within due bounds, is a natural and uſeful ſentiment. It is, in truth, ſocial love too, as Mr. Pope has very juſtly obſerved: it is the ſpring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But ſelf-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of ſelf-love,

love, and reſembles it no more than is abſolutely neceſſary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the moſt profuſely beſtowed, and greedily ſwallowed, where it is the leaſt deſerved. I will conclude this ſubject, with the ſubſtance of a fable of the ingenious monſieur De La Motte, which ſeems not unapplicable to it.

JUPITER made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accuſed the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aſperſion, declared another lottery, for mortals ſingly and excluſively of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it, and ſhared it among themſelves. All were ſatisfied. The loſs of WISDOM was neither regretted nor remembered; FOLLY ſupplied its place, and thoſe who had the largeſt ſhare of it, thought themſelves the wiſeſt.

NUMB. 121. THURSDAY, *April* 24, 1755.

Poſt mediam noctem —— cum ſomnia vera. HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many viſions related by your predeceſſors and cotemporaries, the writers of periodical eſſays, I remember few but what have been in the oriental ſtyle and character. For my own part, I am neither Derviſe nor Brachman, but a poet and true chriſtian, though given now and then to be a little *heatheniſh* in my expreſſions: and as I apprehend that no one ſet of people will claim the ſole property and privilege of dreaming to themſelves, ſince I am apt to nod as well as my betters, I beg that the following dream may find a place in your paper.

I IMAGINED myſelf to be walking on a road: it was wide and well beaten. An elderly gentleman, with whom I joined company, informed me that it was the road to Parnaſſus, and very obligingly offered me his ſervices.

ſervices. The firſt group of figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with ſtudy. They were ſhaking ivory letters in a hat, and then throwing them on the ground. I ſuppoſed that they were performing ſome myſtery of the Cabala; but on my nearer approach, learnt that they were the editors and commentators of the ancient poets; and that this was only a ſcheme for aſſiſting conjecture.

BEING now ſtartled with a great noiſe, I turned ſuddenly about, and perceived juſt behind me a ſet of Lyric poets, with one or two Dithyrambics. Their converſation was ſo little connected, and their motions ſo irregular, that I concluded them to be drunk; and, apprehenſive of miſchief in ſo furious a company, quickened my pace.

THE road now winded through the moſt beautiful fields, whoſe very buſhes were all in bloom, and intermingled with ſhrubs, that afforded the moſt agreeable ſcents. The wild notes of the birds, joining with the tinkling of numerous rills that guſhed from natural or artificial rocks, or with the deeper echo of ſome larger flood that fell at a diſtance,

made

made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themſelves with the gaiety of the ſituation: they had ſtepped out of the road to gather flowers; and were ſo delighted with wandering about the meadows, that they ſeemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits ſo covered with fringe and embroidery, that it was almoſt impoſſible to diſcover any cloth. I was ſo much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic ſcene, that I would have ſtopped there myſelf, and proceeded no farther; but my guide hinted to me that the place was enchanted, and preſſed me to go forwards.

I COULD not help laughing to ſee next a great crowd of Bombaſtics; a ſet of fat, purſy fellows, ſo aſthmatic, that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally ſtraining and attempting to run races; as were ſeveral dwarfs in enormous jack-boots, to overtake two horſemen (who rode very ſwift at a vaſt diſtance, and were ſaid to be Milton and Shakeſpear)

ſpear) but tumbled at every four or five ſteps, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators.

A TROOP of modern Latin poets had halted; and having loſt the way, were enquiring it of a man who carried a phraſe-book, and a Gradus ad Parnaſſum in his hand; and ſeemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty, when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

THEY were followed by ſome very genteel ſhepherds, who wore red ſtockings and large ſhoulder knots, fluttering to the breath of the zephyrs. Crooks, glittering with tinſel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangled at their ſides. They talked much about their flocks and Amaryllis; but I ſaw neither the one nor the other; and was ſurprized, as ſome of them pretended to muſic, to hear an air of the Italian opera played upon the bag-pipe. The gentleneſs of their aſpects ſerved to render more formidable, by the contraſt, the countenances of a company that now overtook me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their cenſures upon every one that paſſed, eſpecially if he made

made a tolerable figure. DICTION, HARMONY and TASTE were the general terms which they threw out with great vehemence. They frowned on me as I paſſed: my looks diſcovering my fear, the alarm was given; and, at the very firſt ſound of their catcalls, terrified to the laſt degree, I pulled my guide by the coat, and took fairly to my heels.

WE at laſt arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd, who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to crawl up the ſides; but as the precipice was very ſteep, they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of acceſs, which was ſo extremely narrow, that it was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to go abreaſt, without one juſtling againſt the other. The gates were opened and ſhut by three amiable virgins, GENIUS, GOOD SENSE, and GOOD EDUCATION. They examined all that paſſed. Some few however, puſhed forward by a vaſt crowd of friends, forced their way in; but had generally the mortification of being brought back again, and turned out by the centinels.

BY the intereſt of my guide, we were permitted

mitted to viſit what part of Parnaſſus we pleaſed; and having mounted the hill, we entered a large garden, and were ſoon loſt in the paths of a very intricate grove. It was in ſome places ſo exceedingly dark, that we had great difficulty to find our way out. This LABYRINTH OF ALLEGORY, as it was called, was held by the ancients in a kind of ſuperſtitious reverence. The gloom of it was often ſo great, that we were ready to tumble at every ſtep; but wherever the ſhade was ſoftened by a twilight ſufficient for us juſt to diſcover our way, there was ſomething very delightful, as well as venerable, in the ſcene.

IN other parts of the garden we ſaw beds of the moſt beautiful flowers, and a great number of Bay-trees; but not a ſingle Fruit-tree. Among the ſhrubs, in many rivulets of different breadth and depth, ran the Heliconian ſtream. The leſſer rills, on account of the vaſt multitude of people continually dabbling in them, were very muddy; but the fountain-head, though extremely deep, was as clear as cryſtal. The water had ſometimes this peculiar quality, that whoever looked into it, ſaw his own face reflected with great beauty, though

though never ſo deformed; inſomuch, that ſeveral were known to pine away there, in a violent affection for their own perſons. At the end of the garden were ſeveral courts of judicature, where cauſes were then hearing. The leſſer court, which was that of criticiſm, was prodigiouſly crowded: for (as we obſerved afterwards) all thoſe who had loſt their cauſes as poets defendant in the principal court, turned in hither, and became plantiffs in their turn, on pretence of little treſpaſſes. In the principal court many actions were brought on the ſtatute of maiming, chiefly by the ancients, and ſome celebrated moderns, againſt their editors and amenders, and for torts and wrongs againſt their interpreters and commentators. Not a few indictments were brought for petty larceny, and thoſe chiefly by the Roman poets againſt the modern Latin ones.

Not far from theſe was the ſtable, or *ecurie*, of his poetic majeſty. I was greatly ſurprized to ſee more than one Pegaſus. The grooms were juſt then going to water them, which gave me an opportunity of taking more particular notice.

THE firſt was the Epic Pegaſus. It was a very fine large horſe, had been taught the *manége*, and moved with great ſtatelineſs. The Pindaric was the only one that had wings: his motions were irregular, ſudden and unequal. The Elegiac was a gelding, exceedingly delicate in its ſhape, and much gentler than any of the reſt, particularly than another ſteed, which foamed, and pulled with ſuch violence, that it was with great difficulty the rider held him in. As I attempted to ſtroke him, he clapped his ears back, and ſtruck out his heels with a vehemence, that made me cautious of putting myſelf in the way of the Satiric Pegaſus for the future. The Epigrammatic was a little pert pony, which every ſix or ſeven paces kicked up, and very much reſembled the former, ſize only excepted. Beſides theſe, there were ſeveral others, which did not properly belong to Apollo's ſtud, and which were employed in many uſeful, but laborious offices, as ſubſervient to the reſt.

IT was impoſſible to paſs by the ſtables without making ſome enquiry after the original Pegaſus, ſo much celebrated, and the ſire from whom all the laſt-mentioned drew their

pedigree. A four-looking fellow of a critic, whose province it was to curry him, informed me with great expreſſions of ſorrow, "That "the old horſe was really quite worn out; "having been rode through all ſorts of roads, "on all ſorts of errands: for that there was "ſcarce a pedant living or dead, or even a "boy who had been five years at ſchool, but "had been upon him, either with leave or "without: that he had long ago loſt his "ſhoes, broke his knees and ſlipped his "ſhoulder; and that therefore Apollo, in pity "to the poor beaſt, and to prevent ſuch bar-"barity for the future, had ordered an edict "to be fixed upon the door of the ſtable, that "no perſon or perſons within his realms, "ſhould for the future ride or drive him, with-"out firſt producing his proper licence and "qualification."

At length we arrived at the higheſt part of the mountain, where the temple was ſituated. It was a large building of marble, of one colour, and built all in the ſame order. The ſtatues and baſs-reliefs which adorned it, repreſented ſome well-known part of poetic hiſtory.

tory. The whole appeared at once ſolid and elegant, without that profuſion of decorations, which fixes the eye to parts. The inſide of the hall was painted with ſeveral ſubjects taken out of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Paradice Loſt. Thoſe of the Iliad had the paſſions and manners ſtrongly characterized, with great ſimplicity of colouring, by the hand of Raphael. The beautiful tints and ſoftneſs of the Venetian ſchool correſponded with the genius of Virgil. The Paradice Loſt, as partaking of the fine colouring of the one, and of the force of the other, with ſomething more exceſſive in the language and images, greatly reſembled the ſtyle of Reubens; while ſome of its more horrid ſcenes of embattled or tortured demons, recalled to my mind the wild imagination and fierce ſpirit of a Michael Angelo.

At the upper end of the hall Apollo was ſeated on a moſt magnificent throne of folio's richly gilt, and was ſurrounded by a great number of poets both ancient and modern. Before him flamed an altar, which a prieſteſs of a very ſleepy countenance continually ſupplied with

with the fewel of ſuch productions, as are the daily ſacrifice which DULLNESS is conſtantly offering to the preſident of literature.

BEING now at leiſure to conſider the place more attentively, I ſaw, inſcribed on ſeveral pillars, names of great repute in both the paſt and preſent age. Some indeed of the latter, though but lately engraved, were nearly worn out; while others of an elder date, encreaſed in clearneſs the longer they ſtood; and by being more attentively viewed, augmented their force, as the former became fainter. A particular part of the temple was aſſigned for the inſcriptions of thoſe perſons, who, adding to their exalted rank in life a merit which might have diſtinguiſhed them without the advantages of birth, claim a double right to have their names preſerved to futurity, among the monuments of ſo auguſt an edifice.

AT the view of ſo many objects, capable of inſpiring the moſt inſenſible with emulation, I found myſelf touched with an ambition which little became me, and could not help enquiring what method I ſhould purſue to attain ſuch an honour. But while I was deeply meditating upon the project, and vain enough

to hope ſharing to myſelf ſome little obſcure corner in the temple, a ſudden noiſe awakened me, and I found every thing to have been merely the effect of my imagination.

NUMB. 122. THURSDAY, *May* 1, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

BLACK-BOY ALLEY,

SIR, *April* 28th.

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, who (as you lately obſerved) *live the Lord knows how.* I have not the honour to be known to you, even in perſon, for I ſeldom go abroad: but you ſeem, by your writings, to be of a compaſſionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myſelf under your protection.

I AM the ſon of an honeſt tradeſman in Cheapſide, and was born in a houſe that has deſcended in the family, from father to ſon, through ſeveral generations. I had my education at a grammar ſchool in London, not far

far from the ſtreet where my father lived, and where he uſed frequently to call as he paſſed by, to remind my maſter, that he hoped I ſhould ſoon *go into Greek*. I verily believe the good man perſuaded himſelf, that whenever this happened, it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about ſixteen years old, my father obſerved to me one day, as I was ſitting with him in the little back ſhop, that it was now high time for me to determine what ſcheme of life to purſue; and though I knew that my grandfather, a little before his death, had expreſſed his deſire of having me ſettled in the old trade, where he ſaid I ſhould be ſure of *good will*, yet I anſwered my father, without heſitation, that ſince he gave me leave to chuſe for myſelf, I was inclined to ſtudy phyſic. My father, who was in raptures at hearing me make choice of a learned profeſſion, went that very day, and talked over the matter with an old friend of his at Greſham college; and the reſult of their conference was, that I ſhould be ſent to ſtudy under the celebrated doctor Herman Boerhaave. I was equipped very decently upon the occaſion, and in a

very few days arrived ſafely at Leyden, where I ſpent my time in reading the beſt books on the ſubject, and in a conſtant attendance on my maſter's lectures, who expreſſed himſelf ſo pleaſed with my indefatigable application, as to tell me at parting, that I ſhould be an honour to the profeſſion. But I am ſorry to tell you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that notwithſtanding this great man's remarkable ſagacity, he knew nothing of deſtiny: for ſince my return to England, I have lived ſeven years in London, undiſtinguiſhed in a narrow court, without any opportuntty of doing either good or hurt in my calling. And what moſt mortifies me is, to ſee two or three of my fellow ſtudents, who were eſteemed very dull fellows at the doctor's, lolling at their eaſe in warm chariots upon ſprings, while I am doomed to walk humbly through the dirt, in a threadbare coat and darned ſtockings, a decayed tye-perriwig, a braſs-hilted ſword by my ſide, and a hat, entirely void of ſhape and colour under my arm; which I aſſure you I do not carry there for ornament, nor for fear of damaging my wig, but to point out to thoſe who paſs by, that I am a phyſician. You may wonder

der perhaps at hearing nothing of my father; but alas! the good man had the misfortune to die inſolvent ſoon after my return, and I had no other friend to apply to for aſſiſtance.

One day, as I was walking through a narrow paſſage, near St. Martin's lane, I ſaw a crowd of people gathered together, and, in the midſt of them, a large fat woman, upon the ground in a fit. I ſoon brought her to herſelf; and as I was conducting her home, ſhe kindly aſked me to dine with her. I found, upon entering her door, that ſhe kept a chop-houſe; and, as I was going away after a hearty meal, ſhe gave me a general invitation, in return for the good office I had done her, to ſtep in and taſte her mutton, whenever I came that way. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of viſiting my patient. But, alas! thoſe days of plenty were ſoon over; for it happened unfortunately, not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, at a time when I had aſſured the mother that ſhe was quite out of danger. The manner in which ſhe accoſted me upon this occaſion,

made it clear that I muſt return once more to a courſe of faſting.

As I was muſing one morning, in a moſt diſconſolate mood, with my leg in my landlady's lap, while ſhe darned one of my ſtockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, together with my own experience and obſervations, plain and wholſome rules on the ſubject of DIET; and then publiſh them in a neat pocket volume: for I was always well inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it uſed Me. I doubt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear ſmiling, to hear a man who was almoſt ſtarved, talk gravely of compiling obſervations on DIET. The moment I had finiſhed my volume, I ran with it to an eminent bookſeller, near the Manſion-houſe; he was juſt ſet down to dinner; but upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the ſhop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courteouſly invited me into the parlour, and deſired me *to do as He did.* As ſoon as the cloth was taken away, I produced my manuſcript, and the bookſeller put on his ſpectacles; but to my no

ſmall

ſmall mortification, after glancing his eye over the title-page, he looked ſtedfaſtly upon me for near a minute, in a kind of amazement which I could not account for, and then broke out in the following manner——"My "dear ſir! you are come to the very worſt "place in the world for the ſale of ſuch a "performance as this. Why, you might as "ſoon expect the court of aldermen's permiſ-"ſion to dedicate to them the life of Lewis "Cornaro, as to think of preaching upon the "ſubject of *lean and ſallow abſtinence* between "the Royal Exchange and Temple-bar." He added, indeed, in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with an honeſt man of the trade, who lived near Soho, and who would probably venture to print for me upon reaſonable terms; and that if I pleaſed, he would recommend me to him by a letter; which (through the violent agitation of my ſpirits) I refuſed.

I WALKED back to my lodging with a very heavy heart; and with the moſt gloomy proſpect before my eyes, put my favourite work into a hat-box, which ſtands upon the head

of my bed, and there it has remained ever-ſince.

Now the favour I have to beg of you, worthy ſir, is, to recommend to the world, in one of your papers, ſuch propoſals as I will bring to you next ſunday morning, or any dark evening this week, for publiſhing by ſubſcription the reſult of my laborious inquiries, that I may be able to procure a decent maintenance. If I ſhould fail in this attempt, my affairs are at ſo low an ebb, that I muſt ſubmit, for the ſafety of my perſon, to the confinement of the Fleet, or paſs the reſt of my days, perhaps, under the ſame roof with the unfortunate THEODORE, whoſe *kingdom* (I doubt) *is not of this world.*

IN the mean time, you will oblige me by publiſhing this account, that others may take warning by my ſad example. That the idle vanity of fathers, when they read this ſtory, may be reſtrained within proper bounds; and young men not venture to engage in a learned profeſſion, without the aſſiſtance of a private fortune, or the intereſt of great friends. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is much more to the

the purpoſe of a phyſician to have the countenance of a man or woman of quality, than the ſagacity even of a Boerhaave: for let him have what ſhare of learning he pleaſes, if he has nothing better to recommend him to public favour, he muſt be content to hunger and thirſt in a garret up four pair of ſtairs.

I am, SIR.

(with all poſſible reſpect)

the unfortunate

T. M.

NUMB. 123. THURSDAY, *May* 8, 1755.

——*Dapibus, ſupremi*
Grata Teſtudo Jovis. ——————HOR.

IF there be truth in the common maxim, "That He deſerves beſt of his country, "who can make two blades of graſs grow "where only one grew before," how truly commendable muſt it be (ſince it is ſo

great a merit to provide for the beaſts of the field) to add to the ſuſtenance of man! and what praiſes are due to the inventor of a new diſh! By a new diſh, I do not mean the confounding, haſhing and diſguiſing of an old one; I cannot give that name to the French method of tranſpoſing the bodies of animals; ſerving up fleſh in the ſkins of fiſh, or the eſſence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the Engliſh way of macerating ſubſtances, and reducing all things to one uniform conſiſtency and taſte, which a good houſewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, that Louis the fourteenth would not have given the reward he promiſed for the invention of a ſixth order of architecture, to the man who ſhould have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice, we have loſt ſome eatables which our anceſtors held in high eſteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the ſwan, it ſhould ſeem requiſite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aſide, by the introduction of ſome eatable which was not known to our predeceſſors. But though invention may claim the firſt

praiſe, great honour is due to the reſtorer of loſt arts; wherefore if the earth does not really furniſh a ſufficient variety of untaſted animals, I could wiſh that gentlemen of leiſure and eaſy fortunes, would apply themſelves to recover the ſecret of fattening and preparing for the table, ſuch creatures, as from diſuſe, we do not at preſent know how to treat: and I ſhould think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity, to ſtudy to reſtore thoſe infallible reſources of luxury, the ſalt-water ſtews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, there are none that can bear a compariſon with the introduction of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for ſeveral others, to the generous ſpirit and benevolent zeal of the Weſt-Indians. The profuſion of luxury, with which the Creolian in England covers his board, is intended only as a foil to the more exquiſite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to ſerve you from the vaſt ſhell, which ſmokes under his face, and occaſions him a toil almoſt as intolerable, as that of the ſlaves in his plantations.

But

But he would die in the ſervice rather than ſee his gueſts, for want of a regular ſupply, eat a morſel of any food which had not croſſed the Atlantic ocean.

THOUGH it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeneſs, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I ſhall here give my readers a moſt faithful account of the only turtle feaſt, I ever had the honour to be preſent at.

TOWARDS the latter end of the laſt ſummer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no Weſt-Indian, is a great importer of Turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the ſhells of that animal, which were diſpoſed in great order along the walls; and I ſtopt ſo long in aſtoniſhment at their ſize and number, that I did not pereeive my friend's approach, who had traverſed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not diſpleaſed to ſee my attention ſo deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. Come, ſays he, if you love turtle, I'll ſhew you a ſight; and bidding me follow him, he opened a door,

a door, and diſcovered ſix turtles ſwimming about in a vaſt ciſtern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were juſt two days proviſion for the turtle; for that each of them conſumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the houſe, and ſhewing me ſome blankets of a peculiar ſort, theſe, ſays he, are what the turtle lie in o'nights; they are particularly adapted to this uſe: I have eſtabliſhed a manufacture of them in the Weſt. But ſince you are curious in theſe matters, continued he, I'll ſhew you ſome more of my inventions. Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine ſaws, chizels, and inſtruments of different contrivances, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomiſt. One was deſtined to ſtart a rib; another to ſcrape the callipaſh; a third to disjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; with many others, for purpoſes which I could not remember. The next ſcene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt with a mouth of moſt uncommon capacity, on purpoſe for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be dreſt that very day, and

which

which my friend inſiſted I ſhould ſtay to partake of. I would gladly have been excuſed; but he would not be denied; propoſing a particular pleaſure in entering a new beginner, and aſſuring me, that if I ſhould not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding ſomething to make out a dinner; for that his wife, though ſhe knew it would give him the greateſt pleaſure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taſte a ſingle morſel of turtle. He then carried me to the fiſh, which was to be the feaſt of the day, and bid me obſerve, that though it had been cut in two full twenty hours, it was ſtill alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly obſerve a tremulous motion almoſt continually agitating it, with, now and then, more diſtinguiſhable throbbings. While I was examining theſe faint indications of ſenſibility, a jolly negro wench, obſerving me, came up with a handful of ſalt, which ſhe ſprinkled all over the creature. This inſtantly produced ſuch violent convulſions, that I was no longer able to look upon a ſcene of ſo much horror, and ran ſhuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to ſatisfy me, by ſaying

that

that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the whole was that inſtant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required ſome reflection, and more, or perhaps leſs philoſophy than I am maſter of, to reconcile ſuch appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the diſcourſe by aſking what news? He anſwered, "There is a fleet arived from the Weſt-Indies." He then ſhook his head, and looked ſerious; and after a ſuſpence, which gave room for melancholy apprehenſions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the laſt voyage, and loſt the greateſt part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy ſtate; for that the common way had been found to waſte the fat, which was the moſt eſtimable part: and he ſpoke with great concern of the miſcarriage of a veſſel, framed like a well-boat, which had daſhed them againſt each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehenſion, took up the greateſt part of the

the morning. Upon hearing the clock ſtrike, he rung his bell, and aſked if his turtle-cloaths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confeſs, unable to divine what it could mean, the ſervant brought in a coat and waiſtcoat, which my friend ſlipt on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared, that though they then hung ſo looſe about him, by that time *he had ſpoke with the turtle*, he ſhould ſtretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the firſt rap at the door, there entered a whole ſhoal of gueſts: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almoſt ſaid, a ſociable animal: and I thought it remarkable, that in ſo large a number, there ſhould not be one who was a whole minute later than the time: nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the houſe appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was ſerved upon the table. Upon her firſt entrance, ſhe orderded the ſhell to be moved from the upper end of the table, declaring ſhe could not bear the ſmell, or ſight of it ſo near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regret

of

of all who ſat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they ſhould never taſte one of the good bits. In vain did they ſend their plates, and ſolicit their ſhare; the plunderers who were now in poſſeſſion of both the ſhells, were ſenſible to no call but that of their own appetites, and till they had ſatisfied them, there was not one that would liſten to any thing elſe. The eagerneſs, however, and diſpatch of their rapacity having ſoon ſhrunk the choice pieces, they vouchſafed to help their friends to the coarſer parts, as thereby they cleared their way for the ſearch after other delicacies; boaſting aloud all the while, that they had not ſent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the ſhell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of nobody but himſelf, began to exerciſe his various inſtruments; and amidſt his efforts to procure himſelf more, broke out in praiſe of the ſuperior flavour of the ſpinal marrow, which he was then helping himſelf to, and for the goodneſs of which the company had his word.

The

THE gueſts having now drank up all the gravy, and ſcraped the ſhells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the converſation. No hunters were ever more loud in the poſthumous fame of the hero of their ſport, than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give ſome little variety to the diſcourſe, I aſked if they had never tried any other creature which might poſſibly reſemble this exquiſite food; and propoſed the experiment of an aligator, whoſe ſcales ſeemed to be intended by nature for the protection of green fat. I was ſtopt ſhort in my reaſoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the aligator, there had been found ſo ſtrong a perfume in his fleſh, that the ſtomach nauſeated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of muſk, which is always diſcovered in the head of that animal. I had however the ſatisfaction to perceive that my queſtion did me no diſcredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no leſs than twelve invitations to turtle for the enſuing ſummer. Beſides the honour herein deſigned me, I conſider theſe invitations

as having more real value than ſo many ſhares in any of the bubbles in the famous South-ſea year; and I make no doubt but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change-alley. For as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the ſurplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furniſh a hint to the alley, where it will ſoon be as common to transfer ſhares in turtle, as in any other kind of ſtock.

NUMB. 124. THURSDAY, *May* 15, 1755.

MY correſpondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me, for ſo long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can ſay to this gentleman, and to thoſe whoſe letters have lain by me almoſt an equal length of time, is, that no partiality to any performance of my own, has occaſioned any ſuch delay.

To

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

My higheſt ambition is to appear in the cauſe of the fair ſex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity ſo much, as the honour of ſtanding, in this degenerate age, the ſingle champion of thoſe, whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time ſeems more proper for this kind of gallantry than the preſent; now, when the graver ſort of men are continually throwing out ſarcaſtic hints, at leaſt, if not open invectives, againſt their lovely country-women; and the younger and more ſprightly are, from I know not what cauſe, leſs forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their ſervice, give me leave to offer to you, and your polite readers, a few thoughts on this intereſting ſubject.

The malice of wits has, from time immemorial, attacked theſe injured beauties with the charge of levity and inconſtancy; a charge, applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but by no means to be admit-

ted

ted to the particular prejudice of the moſt amiable part of the ſpecies. Hiſtory and experience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the diſpoſition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receives a colour from the clime in which they are born. Yet the ſame ſentiments do not always ſpring from the ſame ſoil. Some ſtrong particularity of genius diſtinguiſhes every æra of a nation. From hence ariſes what, in the language of the polite world, we call FASHION; as variable with regard to principles, as dreſs. It would be, in theſe days, as uncommon and ridiculous, to profeſs the maxims of an old Engliſhman, as to ſtrut about in a ſhort cloak and trunk hoſe. The ſame viciſſitude of character takes place among the ladies; their conduct, however, has been ſtill conſiſtent and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of FASHION.

THE matrons of ancient Rome, though as remarkable for public ſpirit as thoſe of Great Britain, were by no means ſo fond of public diverſions. It appears from a hint which Horace has left us, that they were with difficulty

prevailed on even to dance upon holidays. In this, we may obſerve, they widely differed from thoſe Sabine dames, from whom they derived their boaſted extraction: for ſo ſtrongly did they think themſelves bound by the reſtrictions of FASHION, that they refuſed to imitate their illuſtrious anceſtors, in that very circumſtance, to which their empire owed its original.

WE need not look back ſo far into antiquity for inſtances of this kind; our own times may better ſupply us. Cruelty, if we may believe the Lovers of the laſt century, was the reigning paſſion of thoſe tyrants, to whom they devoted their hearts, their labours and their underſtandings. No man, I preſume, will caſt ſuch an imputation on the preſent race of beauties: their influence is more benign, their glory of a more exalted nature: mercy is their characteriſtic. It would be a piece of impudence to aſſert, that they do not in every reſpect excell their relentleſs great grandmothers. Beauty, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the peculiar perfection of our fair cotemporaries. To what then, but the amiable compaſſion of theſe gentle creatures, can be aſcribed a kind

of

of miracle, a ſeeming change in the conſtitution of nature? Till poetry and romance are forgotten, the miſeries of love will be remembered. Authors of the higheſt reputation have not ſcrupled to aſſure us, that the lovers of their days did very frequently forget to eat and drink; nay, that they ſometimes proceeded ſo far as to hang or drown themſelves, for the ſake of the cruel nymphs they adored. Whence comes it then, that in an age, to which ſuicide is not unknown, no inſtances are to be met with of this diſintereſted conduct? In the ſpace of many years, I do not remember above one, and that one occaſioned by the lady's tenderneſs, not of heart, but of conſcience. Matter of fact, therefore, proves the truth of my aſſertion; our goddeſſes have laid aſide the bloody diſpoſition of pagan idols; inſomuch, that ſcarce any man living has ſeen a lover's bier covered with cypreſs, or indeed with ſo much as a willow garland.

It were ingratitude not to acknowledge, to whom we are indebted for ſo great a bleſſing. The celebrated inventors of modern romance, together with the judicious writers of the ſtage, have the honour of being the deliverers

liverers of their countrymen. So ardently have they pleaded the public cauſe, that the ladies are at laſt content to throw up the reins, to accept unmeaning flattery, inſtead of tender ſighs, and admit innocent freedom, in the place of diſtant adoration. They have learnt to indulge their admirers with frequent opportunities of gazing on their charms, and are grown too generous to conceal from them even the little failings of their tempers. Nor is this all: while the perſuaſive eloquence of theſe gentlemen has found the way to ſoften the rigour of the fair ſex, they have animated the reſolution of ours: for by them are we inſtructed in the winning art of modeſt aſſurance, and furniſhed with the *dernier reſort* of indifference.

You will not be ſurprized, ſir, that I ſpeak ſo warmly on this ſubject, when you are informed how great a ſhare of the public felicity falls to my lot. Had the faſhionable polity of this kingdom continued in the ſame ſituation in which it ſtood a hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the moſt unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions than mine, nor is my reſolution ſtrong enough to hold out againſt the

ſlighteſt

ſlighteſt attacks of a pair of bright eyes. Love, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but I can never be too laviſh of my applauſe to thoſe generous beauties, who have been the authors of my pains; ſo far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or inſulting the miſeries they occaſioned, that they have conſtantly employed the moſt effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence it is, that I have arrived at the fifty-third year of my life, without the incumbrance of a wife or legitimate children; that I can now look back with pleaſure on the dangers I have eſcaped, and forward with comfort on the peace and quiet laid up for my old age. This, ſir, is my caſe; gratitude prompts me to publiſh the obligations I owe; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and at the ſame time of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your conſtant reader,

admirer,

and very humble ſervant.

NUMB. 125. THURSDAY, *May* 22, 1755.

HAD the many wiſe philoſophers of antiquity, who have ſo often and ſo juſtly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the preſent times, they would have ſeen the propriety of that ſimile greatly augmented: for if we obſerve the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we ſhall ſee that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to diſtance all behind him, and to overtake, or paſs by, all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in purſuit of his ſuperiors, who fly from Him with equal alacrity.

WERE not the conſequences of this ridiculous pride of the moſt deſtructive nature to the public, the ſcene would be really entertaining. Every tradeſman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobleſs. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generoſorum*: we have no ſuch thing as common

common people amongſt us: between vanity and gin, the ſpecies is utterly deſtroyed. The ſons of our loweſt mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity-ſchools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, deſpiſe their paternal occupations, and are all ſoliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and exciſemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or preſumptuouſly exerciſe that genteel profeſſion, which uſed to be peculiarly reſerved for the well-educated daughters of deceaſed clergymen. Attorneys clerks and city prentices dreſs like cornets of dragoons, keep their miſtreſſes and their hunters, criticiſe at the play, and toaſt at the tavern. The merchant leaves his compting-houſe for St. James's; and the country-gentleman his own affairs for thoſe of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of diſtinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dreſs, equipage and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themſelves into debt and dependance, to pre-

ſerve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful purſuers.

THE ſame fooliſh vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our ſuperiors, induces us alſo to be, or to pretend to be, their inſeparable companions; or, as the phraſe is, to keep the *beſt company*; by which is always to be underſtood, ſuch company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and conſequently deſpiſe and avoid us, in the ſame manner as we ourſelves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleaſures of ſocial life, and all the advantages of friendly converſe utterly deſtroyed. We chuſe not our companions for their wit or learning, their good-humour or good-ſenſe, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatneſs was communicable, like the powers of the load-ſtone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to deſtroy his time, his fortune, his morals and his underſtanding at a gaming-houſe with the *beſt company*, than to improve them all in the converſation of the moſt ingenious and entertaining of his equals:

and

and every ſelf-conceited girl, in faſhionable life, chuſes rather to endure the affected ſilence and inſolent head-ach of my lady ducheſs for a whole evening, than to paſs it in mirth and jollity with the moſt amiable of her acquaintance. For ſince it is poſſible that ſome of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *beſt company*, ſhould imagine that amongſt ſuch there is ever the beſt converſation, the moſt lively wit, the moſt profound judgment, the moſt engaging affability and politeneſs; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the caſe; but that frequently in ſuch company little is ſaid, and leſs attended to; no diſpoſition appears either to pleaſe others, or to be pleaſed themſelves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's underſtandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has ſubſiſted for half a century laſt paſt; in which the former have been perpetually purſued by the

latter, and fairly beaten out of all their reſources for ſuperior diſtinction; out of innumerable faſhions in dreſs, and variety of diverſions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as ſoon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themſelves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themſelves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourſe to full-bottomed perriwigs, and toupees; to high-heads, and low-heads, and no heads at all: trade has beſtowed riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteelly on one ſide of Temple-bar, as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapſide, as in the purer regions of Groſvenor-ſquare and Hill-ſtreet.

WITH as little ſucceſs have opera's, oratorio's, ridotto's, and other expenſive diverſions been invented to exclude *bad company:* tradeſmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to inſult the *good company*, their cuſtomers, at their own expence: and, like true conquerors, have obliged the

the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this ſtratagem has in ſome meaſure been obviated by the prudence of the *very beſt company*, who, for this, and many other wiſe conſiderations, have uſually declined paying them at all.

FOR many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majeſty and the royal family, every friday night in the drawing room at St. James's; which now appears, as it uſually fares with the ſeat of war, deſolate and uninhabited, and totally deſerted by both ſides: except that on a twelfth night the *bad company* never fail to aſſemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

THE *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at laſt to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant aſſemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined, that they could neither be imitated, nor intruded on. But here again they were grievouſly miſtaken; for no ſooner was the ſignal given, but every little lodging-houſe in town, of two rooms and

a cloſet on a floor, or rather of two cloſets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the ſmaller the houſes, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more eaſily effected. Nor could intruſion be better guarded againſt, than imitation; for by ſome means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dreſs, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to loſe great ſums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of ſome ſuch eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies ſoon broke through the ſtrongeſt of their barriers, and mingled in the thickeſt of their ranks, to the utter deſtruction of all ſuperiority and diſtinction.

BUT though it muſt be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad ſituation, yet I would not have them deſpair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, ſo viſible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection. They have ſtill one aſylum left to fly to, which with all their advantages of birth and education, it is ſurprizing they ſhould not long ſince have diſcovered;

covered; but ſince they have not, I ſhall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long deſerted forts of true Britiſh grandeur, their princely ſeats and magnificent caſtles in their ſeveral countries; and there, arming themſelves with religion and virtue, hoſpitality and charity, civility and friendſhip, bid defiance to their impertinent purſuers. And though I will not undertake that they ſhall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet ſo averſe are all ranks of people at preſent to this ſort of retirement, ſo totally diſuſed from the exerciſe of theſe kind of arms, and ſo unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promiſe, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite ſingularity, unmoleſted for half a century to come.

NUMB. 126. THURSDAY, *May* 29, 1755.

I AM favoured by a correſpondent with the following little inſtructive piece, which he calls

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A GOOD temper is one of the principal ingredients of happineſs. This, it will be ſaid, is the work of nature, and muſt be born with us: and ſo in a good meaſure it is; yet oftentimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almoſt every object that attracts our notice, has its bright, and its dark ſide: he that habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently impair his happineſs; while he who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

ARACHNE and Meliſſa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and

alike in birth, fortune, education and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger that has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretch-

edness

edneſs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her, and at laſt diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

MELISSA is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual cheerfulneſs in herſelf, which by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom

miſſes

miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation it is a rule with her never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful: the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom; the other a continual ſunſhine.

THERE

THERE is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the encreaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens his harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking

ing on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from ſuch a ſhower.

THUS does good manners, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and the beſt-bred woman living: and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that eaſy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good-nature, and the ſcripture charity, whoſe natural and never-failing fruit is HAPPINESS.

I CANNOT better conclude this paper than with the following ode, which I received from another correſpondent, and which ſeems to be written in the ſame ſpirit of cheerfulneſs with the above eſſay.

ODE to MORNING.

The ſprightly meſſenger of day,
To Heav'n aſcending tunes the lay,
That wakes the bluſhing Morn:
Cheer'd with th' inſpiring notes, I riſe,
And hail the POW'R, *whoſe glad ſupplies*
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far

Far hence retire, O NIGHT! *thy praiſe,*
Majeſtic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been ſung:
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortaliz'd by YOUNG.

See, while I ſpeak, AURORA *ſheds*
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The ſpringing valleys ſmile;
With cheerful haſte, the village ſwain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th' accuſtomed toil.

Day's monarch comes to bleſs the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRS *wanton round his car,*
Along th' æthereal road;
PLENTY *and* HEALTH *attend his beams,*
And TRUTH, *divinely bright, proclaims*
The viſit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my ſoul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, *that bad the ſpheres*
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the ſable-mantled night,
Unſeen ALMIGHTY! *and the light*
The radiance of thy love.

Hark!

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo ſpreads the ſtrain;
The ſtreams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks ſalute the ſun,
And muſic glads the plain.

While nature thus her charms diſplays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
That op'ning flow'rs diffuſe;
TEMP'RANCE *and* INNOCENCE *attend,*
Theſe are your haunts, your influence lend,
Aſſociates of the MUSE!

RIOT, *and* GUILT, *and waſting* CARE,
And fell REVENGE, *and black* DESPAIR,
Avoid the Morning's light;
Nor beams the ſun, nor blooms the roſe
Their reſtleſs paſſions to compoſe,
Who VIRTUE'S *dictates ſlight.*

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The Goddeſs walks confeſt;
She gives the landſcape pow'r to charm,
The ſun his genial heat, to warm
The wiſe and gen'rous breaſt.

Happy

Happy the man! whoſe tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole ſurveys;
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils
That meaſure out his days.

The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſt laſh the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The Morning of his ſoul.

C. B.

NUMB. 127. THURSDAY, *June* 5, 1755.

Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?
Quem ſeſe ore ferens? ——— VIRGIL.

ALTHOUGH I profeſs myſelf a zealous advocate for modern faſhion, and have countenanced ſome of its boldeſt innovations, yet I cannot but recall my approbation, when I ſee it making ſome very irregular and unjuſtifiable

juſtifiable ſallies, in oppoſition to true policy and reaſons of ſtate. In teſtimony of the perfect quietiſm I have hitherto obſerved in this reſpect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one ſyllable in praiſe of the good roaſt beef of old England, ſince the conſpiracy ſet on foot by the Creolian epicures totally to baniſh it our iſland. On the other hand, it is well known I have been lately preſent at a turtle feaſt in perſon, and have at this very hour ſeveral more engagements upon my hands. I have acquieſced likewiſe with great and ſudden revolutions in dreſs, as well as taſte: I have ſubmitted in oppoſition to the clamours of a numerous party, to diſmantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promiſe from my fair countrywomen (in compliance to the application of the young men) that they would leave the ſmall of the leg at leaſt as viſible as before. I have made no objection to their wearing the cardinal, though it be a habit of popiſh etymology, and was, I am afraid, firſt invented to hide the fluttiſhneſs of French diſhabille. Nay, I have even connived at the importation of *rouge*, upon ſerious conviction that a fine woman has an inconteſtible

inconteſtible right to be miſtreſs of her own complexion; neither do I know that we have any pretence to ſubject her to the neceſſity of telling us on the morrow, the late hours ſhe was under engagement to keep the night before; a grievance, which, through the extreme delicacy of her natural complexion, could no otherwiſe be remedied.

My abſolute compliance in ſo many important inſtances, will I hope ſecure me from any imputation of prejudice againſt the dominion of faſhion, which I am at laſt under the neceſſity of oppoſing, as it has introduced under its ſanction, one of the moſt dangerous and impolitic cuſtoms that was ever admitted in a commonwealth, which is the unnatural and unconſtitutional practice of INOCULATION. The evil tendency of this practice I have ſuch unanſwerable arguments to evince, as I doubt not will baniſh it our iſland, and ſend it back to the confines of Circaſſia, from whence one could hardly ſuſpect a lady of quality would have been ſo wicked as to have imported it.

I MUST firſt premiſe, which is not greatly to its credit, that it is of Turkiſh extraction; and

and (to ſpeak as a *man*) I profeſs I dread leſt it would be a means of introducing, in theſe *opera days*, ſome more alarming practices of the ſeraglio.

It ſeems likewiſe, by the by, to ſtrike at the belief of *abſolute predeſtination*; for (as a zealous calviniſt gravely remarked) is it not very preſumptuous for a young lady to attempt ſecuring not above twenty ſpots in her face, when perhaps it is *abſolutely decreed* ſhe ſhall have two hundred, or none at all?

But to my firſt argument. The world in general (for I pay no regard to what the author of the Perſian letters aſſerts to the contrary) is certainly much over-peopled; and the proofs of it, in this metropolis, we cannot but viſibly remark, in the conſtant labour of builders, maſons, &c. to fit up habitations for the increaſing ſupernumeraries. This inconvenience had hitherto been in a great meaſure prevented, by the proper number of people who were daily removed by the ſmall pox in the natural way; *one*, at leaſt, in *ſeven* dying, to the great eaſe and convenience of the ſurvivors: whereas, ſince INOCULATION has prevailed, all hopes of thinning our people

that way, are entirely at an end; not above *one* in *three hundred* being taken off, to the great incumbrance of ſociety. So that, unleſs we ſhould ſpeedily have a war upon the continent, we ſhall be in danger of being eaten up with famine at home, through the multiplicity of our people, whom we have taken this unnatural method of keeping alive.

My ſecond argument was ſuggeſted to me by a very worthy country gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I met this morning taking ſome freſh air in the park. I accoſted him with the free impertinence of a friend at the firſt interview. "What brought you to "town, ſir?" "My wife, ſir (ſays he, in "a very melancholy tone) my wife. It had "pleaſed her, the firſt four years of our mar-"riage, to live peaceably in the country, and "to employ herſelf in ſetting out her table, "viſiting her neighbours, or attending her "nurſery; and if ever a wiſh broke out af-"ter the diverſions of the town, it was eaſily "ſoothed down again, by my ſaying with ac-"cents of tenderneſs, my dear, we would "certainly ſee London this ſpring, but my "laſt letters tell me, the ſmall pox is very

"much

"much there. But no ſooner had ſhe heard "the fatal ſucceſs of INOCULATION, than "ſhe inſiſted on the trial of it; has ſucceed-"ed; and having baffled my old valuable "argument to keep her in the country, has "hurried me to town, and is now moſt in-"duſtriouſly making up her four years loſs of "time at the abbey, by entering with the "moſt courageous ſpirit into every party of "pleaſure ſhe can poſſibly partake of."

THE inference I would make from my friend's ſtory, is, not that the nation is deprived hereby of a convenient bugbear to confine ladies to the country; an abuſe, I would by no means countenance; but to ſhew only to our ſagacious politicians, who are ſearching for more important reaſons, that it is undoubtedly owing to the increaſe of INOCULATION, together with the number of convenient turnpikes, that ſo many of our worthy country gentlemen have evacuated their hoſpitable ſeats, and roll away with ſafety and tranquility to town, to the great diminution of country neighbourhood, and the inſufferable incumbrance of all public places in this metropolis.

ANOTHER ill conſequence of this practice

I have

I have remarked more than once, in walking round the circle at Ranelagh. Beauties are naturally diſpoſed to be a little inſolent; and a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior charms, where the poſſeſſion is confirmed to the party, is very apt to break out into little triumphant airs and ſallies of haughtineſs towards thoſe of avowed inferiority in that reſpect. Hence that air of defiance, ſo viſible in the looks of our fineſt women, which in the laſt age was ſoftened and corrected with ſome ſmall traits of meekneſs and timidity; while the unhappy group of plain women, who bear about them thoſe honourable ſcars for which they ought to be revered, can ſcarcely meet with a beauty who will drop them a curt'ſy, or a beau who will lead them to their chariots.

NEITHER do I think it for the advantage of a commonwealth to be overſtocked with beauties. They are undoubtedly the moſt ſuitable furniture for public places, very proper objects to embelliſh an aſſembly room, and the pretticſt points of view in the park: but it is believed by ſome, that your plain women, whoſe underſtandings are not perverted by admiration, make the diſcreeteſt wives, and the beſt

mothers

mothers: ſo that, to ſecure a conſtant ſupply of fit and ugly women to act in theſe neceſſary capacities, this modern invention for the preſervation of pretty faces, ought no doubt to be aboliſhed; ſince on a juſt computation, ten fine women *per annum* (which we can never want in England) will be ſufficient to entertain the *beau monde* for a whole ſeaſon, and compleatly furniſh all the public places every night, if properly diſpoſed.

I HAD ſome thoughts of laying theſe arguments againſt INOCULATION before the legiſlature, in hopes that they would ſtrengthen them with their authority, and give them the ſanction of a law againſt ſo pernicious an invention: but I was diſcouraged by a friend, who convinced me, that however juſt I might be in my opinion, that our people were growing too numerous, and in the cauſe to which I imputed it, the pernicious ſucceſs of INOCULATION; yet it might be impolitic to attempt reducing them at this critical ſeaſon, when the legiſlature may have occaſion to diſpoſe of them ſome other way. He propoſed to me, as the moſt effectual means of ſuppreſſing this growing evil, that it ſhould be recommended

to ſome zealous and faſhionable preacher to denounce his anathema's againſt it, which would not fail to deter all ladies of quality from the practice of it. But I would rather propoſe, that a golden medal ſhould be given by the college of phyſicians to the ableſt of the profeſſion, who ſhould publiſh the compleateſt treatiſe to prove (as undoubtedly might be proved) "That whatever diſtemper any per-
"ſon ſhall die of at *ſeventy years of age*, muſt
"infallibly be owing to his having been INO-
"CULATED at *ſeven:* and that every perſon
"who has had the ſmall pox by INOCULA-
"TION, may have it afterwards *ten times* in
"the natural way."

NUMB. 128. THURSDAY, *June* 12, 1755.

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country, much troubled with the gout, who being adviſed by his phyſicians to abſtain from ſalt meats, aſked what elſe they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagin-

ed, curſing one minute the Bolognia ſauſages, and another the dried tongues he had eaten, was ſome mitigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of health, or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world would be a much quieter one than we ſee it at preſent. But dried tongues and ſauſages have no feeling of our diſpleaſure; therefore we reſerve it for one another: and he that can wound his neighbour in his fame, or ſow the ſeeds of diſcord in his family, derives happineſs to himſelf.

I once knew a huſband and wife, who without having the leaſt tincture of affection for each other, or any ſingle accompliſhment of mind or perſon, made a ſhift to live comfortably enough, by contributing equally to the abuſe of their acquaintance. The conſideration of another's uneaſineſs, or what was ſtill better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, ſickneſs and misfortune from touching them too nearly. They collected ſeparately the ſcandal of the day, and made themſelves company for one another, by conſulting how they might diſperſe it with addi-

tions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the cholic, by the huſband's telling her that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman; and I once ſaw the huſband ſit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their loſſes at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not ſo much from a principle of avarice, as from the conſideration that what They had loſt, others had won; and upon theſe occaſions, the family peace has been ſometimes diſturbed. But a freſh piece of ſcandal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the neighbourhood, has immediately ſet matters right, and made them the happieſt people in the world.

I THINK it is an obſervation of the witty and ingenious author of Tom Jones (I forget his words) that the only unhappy ſituation in marriage is a ſtate of indifference. Where people love one another, ſays he, they have great pleaſure in obliging; and where they hate one another, they have equal pleaſure in tormenting. But where they have neither

love nor hatred, and of conſequence, no deſire either to pleaſe or plague, there can be no ſuch thing as happineſs. That this obſervation may be true in the general, I very readily allow; yet I have inſtanced a couple, who, though as indifferent to each other as it was poſſible for man and wife to be, have yet contrived to be happy through the misfortunes of their friends.

But it is nevertheleſs true of happineſs, that it is principally to be found at home; and therefore it is that in moſt families one viſits, one ſees the huſband and wife (inſtead of contenting themſelves with the miſeries of their neighbours) mutually plaguing one another: and after a ſucceſſion of diſputes, contradictions, mortifications, ſneers, pouts, abuſes, and ſometimes blows, they retreat ſeparately into company, and are the eaſieſt and pleaſanteſt people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy, I believe few married couples will deny; eſpecially if they have lived together a fortnight, and of courſe, are grown tired of obliging. But it has been very luckily diſcovered, that as our ſorrows are leſſened by participation, ſo alſo

are our joys; and that unleſs the pleaſure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happineſs of either can by no means be perfect. The wife therefore of a meek and tender diſpoſition, who makes it the ſtudy of her life to pleaſe and oblige her huſband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fitteſt object of his tyranny and averſion. Upon ſuch a wife he may exert himſelf nobly, and have all the pleaſure to himſelf: but I would adviſe him to enjoy it with ſome little caution, becauſe (though the weekly bills take no notice of it) there is really ſuch a diſeaſe as a broken heart; and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife.

HAPPY is the huſband of ſuch a woman: for unleſs a man goes into company with the conſcious pleaſure of having left his wife miſerable at home, his temper may not be proof againſt every accident he may meet with abroad; but having firſt of all diſcharged his ſpleen and ill-humour upon his own family, he goes into company prepared to be pleaſed and happy with every thing that occurs: or if croſſes and diſappointments ſhould unavoidably

ably happen, he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can beſtow with intereſt every vexation he has received. Thus it was honeſtly and wiſely ſaid by the old ſerjeant of ſeventy, who, when his officer aſked him how he came to marry at ſo great an age, anſwered, "Why, "and pleaſe your honour, they teaze and "put me out of humour abroad, and ſo I go "home and beat my wife." And indeed happy is it for ſociety that men have commonly ſuch repoſitories for their ill-humours; for I can truly aſſert, that the eaſieſt, the beſt-natured and the moſt entertaining man I know out of his own houſe, is the moſt tyrannical maſter, brother, huſband and father in the whole world; and who, if he had no family to make miſerable at home, would be the conſtant diſturber of every party abroad.

But I am far from limiting this particular privilege to the huſband: the wife has it ſometimes in her power to enjoy equal happineſs. For inſtance, when a woman of family and ſpirit condeſcends to marry for a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whoſe delight is in peace, quietneſs and domeſtic endearments; ſuch a woman may continually fill

his houſe with routs and hurricanes; ſhe may teaze and fret him with her ſuperiority of birth; ſhe may torment his heart with jealouſy, and waſte his ſubſtance in rioting and gaming. She will have one advantage too over the male tyrant, inaſmuch as ſhe may carry her triumph beyond the grave, by making the children of her huſband's footman the inheritors of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular diſquiſition of its principal comforts: and as no motives may be wanting to induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured to ſhew that it is next to an impoſſibility for a couple to miſcarry, ſince hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either (I mean if people have ſenſe enough to make a right uſe of their friends misfortunes) is ſufficient for happineſs. Indeed it is hard to gueſs, when one reads in the public papers that a treaty of marriage is on foot between the right honourable lord Somebody, and lady Betty Such-a-one, whewhether his lordſhip's and the lady's paſſion be love or hatred: and, to ſay truth, it is of very little conſequence to which of theſe paſſions

ſions their deſire of coming together is firſt owing; it being at leaſt ſix to four, that in the compaſs of a month, they hate one another heartily. But let not this deter any of my readers from entering into the ſtate of matrimony; ſince the pleaſure of *obliging* the object of our *deſires*, is at leaſt equalled by the pleaſure of *tormenting* the object of our *averſion*.

NUMB. 129. THURSDAY, *June* 19, 1755.

I SHALL make no apology for the following miſcellaneous letters, unleſs it be to the writers of them, for ſo long delaying their publication.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE late earl marſhal applying to a bookſeller at Paris for ſome Engliſh books, was anſwered by the Frenchman, that he had none in his ſhop, except *une petite bagatelle*, called the bible. Your readers will be informed, that this *petite bagatelle*, as the bookſeller

termed it, contains (among other matters) ſome little treatiſes of eaſtern wiſdom, and particularly certain maxims collected by one king Solomon, of whom mention is made in Prior's poems. Solomon was, as captain Bluff ſays of Scipio, a pretty fellow in his day, though moſt of his maxims have been confuted by experience. But I only make mention of him to ſhew how exactly the *virtuous woman* of that monarch correſponds with the *fine lady* of the preſent times.

WHO can find a virtuous woman? ſays Solomon. By the way, he muſt have kept ſad company, or elſe *virtuous women* were extremely ſcarce in thoſe days: for it will be no boaſt to ſay, that five thouſand *virtuous women* may be aſſembled at any time in this metropolis, on a *night*'s warning. Solomon deſcribes the character ſo that it is not eaſy to miſtake it. *She bringeth her food from afar.* That is to ſay, the tea-table of the *virtuous woman* is ſupplied with ſugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and with tea from China; the bread and butter and ſcandal only being the produce of her native country. *She riſeth whilſt it is yet night.* This cannot literally be ſaid of our modern

virtuous

virtuous women; but one may venture to aſſert, that if to riſe *while it is yet night*, be the characteriſtic of virtue, to *ſit up the whole night*, and thereby to have no occaſion for riſing at all, muſt imply no ordinary meaſure of goodneſs. *She ſtrengtheneth her arms.* This is a circumſtance of ſome delicacy: ſuch myſteries ſuit not the vulgar ear. The huſband of the *virtuous woman* may ſay, as the poet ſays of friendſhip with the great, *expertus metuit. She maketh herſelf coverings of tapeſtry; her cloathing is ſilk and purple.* This plainly indicates that no lady can be conſummately *virtuous*, unleſs ſhe wear brocaded ſilks, and robings of French embroidery. To theſe Solomon, with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds purple ribbons. This paſſage is liable to miſapplication; but the words *ſhe* MAKETH *herſelf coverings*, mean not that a *virtuous woman* muſt of neceſſity be a work-woman; *to make*, ſignifies *to occaſion the making of any thing*: thus a perſon is ſaid to *make intereſt*, when in truth it is not he, but his money that makes the intereſt. Thus Auguſtus fought battles by proxy; and thus many reſpectable perſonages beget children. So that a *virtuous woman*

reed

need not embroider in perſon; let her *pay* for the work ſhe beſpeaks, and no more is required. *Her huſband is known in the gates.* More univerſally known by his relation to his wife, than by his own name. Thus you are told at public places, "That is Mrs. Such-a-one's "huſband, or he that married Lady Such-a-"one." *He ſitteth among the elders of the land.* At White's, where the elders of the land aſſemble themſelves.

LET me add one more inſtance of the ſimilitude between a *fine lady* and the *virtuous woman* of Solomon, and I have done. When a lady returns home, at five in the morning, from the nocturnal myſteries of bragg, how muſt the heart of her huſband exult, when he ſees her flambeaux rivalling the light of the ſun! May he not cry out in the words of the eaſtern monarch, *Bleſſed is the virtuous woman; her candle goeth not out by night?*

I am, ſir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I HAVE had the honour of ſitting in the three laſt parliaments; for as it was always my

my opinion that an honeſt man ſhould ſacrifice every private conſideration to the ſervice of his country, I ſpared no expence at my elections, nor afterwards to ſupport an intereſt in my borough, by giving annuities to half the corporation, building a town-hall, a market-houſe, and a new ſteeple to the church, together with a preſent of a ring of bells, that uſed to ſtun me with their noiſe. To defray all theſe expences, I was obliged to mortgage my eſtate to its full value, excepting only two thouſand pounds, which ſum I took up againſt the laſt general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an oppoſition. What I heard was true; an abſolute ſtranger had declared himſelf a candidate; and though I ſpent every farthing of my two thouſand pounds, and was promiſed the votes and intereſt of the mayor and corporation, they every man of them went againſt me, and I loſt my election.

As I have now no opportunity of ſerving my country, and have a wife and ſeven ſmall children to maintain, I have been at laſt concerting meaſures how I might do a ſmall ſervice

vice to myſelf: and as there are many worthy gentlemen at preſent in the ſame unfortunate ſituation, I cannot think of a better expedient, than to recommend to the parliament at their next meeting, the paſſing an act for raiſing a fund towards the building and endowing an hoſpital for the relief and ſupport of decayed members. I mention it thus early, becauſe I would give the legiſlature time to deliberate upon ſuch a propoſal. And ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if the loſs of a limb ſhall be ſufficient to entitle the meaneſt ſoldier or ſailor in the ſervice to this privilege, how much more worthy of relief is the diſabled patriot, who has ſacrificed his family and fortune to the intereſt of his country!

YOUR inſerting this letter will greatly oblige, ſir,

Your very humble ſervant,

B. D.

P. S. ALL gentlemen reſiding in town, who have loſt their fortunes by former parliaments, and their elections in this, are deſired to meet on Saturday the 21ſt of this inſtant June,

June, at three o' clock in the afternoon at the cat and bagpipe in St. Giles's, to conſider of the above propoſal, or of other ways and means for their immediate ſupport. N. B. A dinner will be provided at nine-pence a head.

SIR,

THE proſtitution of characters, given in behalf of bad ſervants, has been long a grievance, demanding the attention of the public. Give me leave to awaken it, by a ſpecimen from my own experience.

SOME time ſince, an old ſervant left me, upon ſhort notice. I had another recommended, as *very honeſt*, by a neighbouring family, whom he had ſerved. As I was preſſed for time, I took him upon that ſingle qualification, in lieu of all the reſt; and relying upon the repeated aſſurance of his integrity, repoſed an intire confidence in him. In ſome little time, however, finding an increaſe of expence in the articles under his particular management, I diſcovered upon obſervation, that the perquiſites, or rather plunder of his province, had been nearly doubled. His diſmiſſion, you may imagine, enſued, and complaint to the perſons who had recommend-

ed

ed him. The anſwer was, that they knew him to be a ſad fellow, by the tricks he had played them; but that they would not ſay a word of it, becauſe they thought it *wicked* to hinder him of a place.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I conceive it to be but a *wicked world*, when gentlemen will help thieves and robbers to get into people's houſes; and I ſhall take for the future a bare acquittal at the Old Bailey, as a better recommendation than that of ſuch a friend.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

THE abuſe complained of by this correſpondent is of too ſerious a nature to be paſſed over ſlightly. It is to this miſtaken compaſſion that the diſorderly behaviour of ſervants is, perhaps, principally owing: for if the puniſhment of diſhoneſty be only a change of place (which may be a reward, inſtead of a puniſhment) it ceaſes to be a ſervant's intereſt to be true to his truſt.

THIS proſtitution of characters (as my correſpondent calls it) is grown ſo common, that a ſervant after he has committed the moſt palpable

pable robbery, for which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, looks compoſedly in your face, and very modeſtly hopes that you will not refuſe him a character, *for that you are too worthy a gentleman to be the ruin of a poor ſervant, who has nothing but his character to depend upon for bread.* So away he goes, and you are really ſo *very worthy a gentleman*, as to aſſure the firſt perſon who enquires about him, that he is a ſober diligent and *faithful* ſervant. Thus are you acceſſary to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in my humble opinion, to be deemed little leſs than an acceſſary by the law: for the ſervant who opens the door of his maſter's houſe to the thief that plunders it, differs from you only in the motive; the conſequences are the ſame.

I HAVE ſaid in a former paper, that the behaviour of ſervants depends, in a great meaſure, on that of their maſters and miſtreſſes. In this inſtance, I am ſure it does: I ſhall therefore conclude this paper with adviſing all heads of families to give *honeſt* characters, before they allow themſelves to exclaim againſt *diſhoneſt* ſervants.

NUMB.

NUMB. 130. THURSDAY, *June* 26, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN your firſt WORLD made its appearance, I was juſt entering into, what is called, polite life, and was mightily pleaſed at your promiſing to direct young maids how to get huſbands. I was then juſt eighteen; not diſagreeable in my perſon; and by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been inſtructed in all the neceſſary accompliſhments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a ſincere friend. I reſolved to keep ſtrictly to all the rules you ſhould preſcribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty, I ſhould have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not ſo much as one man, who makes any ſort of pretenſions to me. I am at a loſs to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of thoſe errors, which you and all ſober men exclaim ſo much againſt: I hate

I hate routs, ſeldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myſelf. Plays are the only public amuſements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company. —— Don't think by good company I mean quality: for I aſſure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive kind; yet I have the aſſurance to ſhew my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent. However, to attone in ſome meaſure for this neglect, I never am ſeen without a handkerchief, nor with my peticoats above my ſhoes.

THOUGH my fortune is rather beyond what is called genteel, I never run into any extravagancy in dreſs; and to avoid particularity, am never the firſt nor the laſt in a faſhion. I am an utter enemy to ſcandal, and never go out of a morning either to auctions, or the park. If by chance I am alone a whole afternoon, I am never at a loſs how to ſpend my time, being fond of reading. I have an averſion to coquettry, yet am the cheerfulleſt creature living, and never better pleaſed than when joining in a country dance, which I

can

can do for a whole night together, without either falling in love with my partner if agreeable, or quarrelling with him if awkward.

GIRLS may pretend to deny it, but certainly the whole tenor of their actions leads to the diſpoſing of themſelves advantageouſly in the world. Some ſet about it one way, and ſome another; all of them chuſing what they think the moſt likely method to ſucceed. Now I am ſure, when they purſue a wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing to the men; for were they to admire women for virtue, prudence, good-humour and good ſenſe, as well as beauty, we ſhould ſeek no other ornaments. The men ought to ſet the example, and then reward thoſe who follow it, by making them good huſbands. But inſtead of this, they make it their buſineſs to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; which when they have effectually done, they exclaim againſt the folly of the whole ſex, and either cheat us of our fortunes by marrying our grandmothers, or die batchelors.

Now pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as this is the caſe, what encouragement has a young woman

man to ſet about improving her mind? I am ſure, in the ſmall circle of my acquaintance, I have known ſeveral women who have reached their thirtieth year unnoticed, whoſe good qualities are ſuch, as would make it difficult to find men to deſerve them.

In public places, the coquet with a ſmall ſhare of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, ſhall with the moſt trifling converſation in the world, engroſs the attention of a whole circle; while the woman of modeſty and ſenſe is forced to be ſilent, becauſe ſhe cannot be heard. Thus when we find that it is not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that while we are deſirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accompliſh our deſigns?

As to myſelf, I have a great reſpect for the married ſtate; but if I cannot meet with a man that will take me juſt as nature has formed me, I will live ſingle forever: for it has been always a rule with me, never to expect the leaſt advantage from the poſſeſſion of any thing, which is not to be attained but at the expence of truth.

I am not ſo vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to imagine

imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; all I deſire is, that you will oblige me ſo far as to write a WORLD upon the ſubject: and might I adviſe, let the women alone, and apply yourſelf entirely to the reformation of the men: for when once they begin to cheriſh any thing valuable and praiſe-worthy in themſelves, you will ſoon find the women to follow their example.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

and admirer,

M. S.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

YOU have often animadverted on the preſent faſhionable indecencies of female dreſs: but I wiſh you would pleaſe now and then to look a little at home, and beſtow ſome of your charitable advice upon your own ſex.

YOU are to know, ſir, that I am one of three old maids, who, though no relations, have reſolved to live and die together. Our fortunes, which ſingly are but ſmall, enable us, when put together, to live genteelly, and to keep two maids and a footman. Patrick has lived with us now going on of ſix years; and

and to do him juſtice, is a ſober, cleanly and diligent ſervant: indeed, by ſtudying our tempers, and paying a ſilent obedience to all our whims (for we do not pretend to be without whims) he has made himſelf ſo uſeful, that there is no doing without him. We give him no livery, but allow him a handſome ſum yearly for clothes; and to ſay the truth, till within this laſt week, he has dreſſed with great propriety and decency; when all at once, to our great confuſion and diſtreſs, he has had the aſſurance to appear at the ſideboard in a pair of filthy Nankin breeches, and thoſe made to ſit ſo extremely tight, that a leſs curious obſerver might have miſtaken them for no breeches at all. The ſhame and confuſion ſo viſible in all our faces, one would think, ſhould ſuggeſt to him the odiouſneſs of his dreſs; but the fellow ſeems to have thrown off every appearance of decency: for at the tea-table, before company, as well as at meals, we are forced to endure him in this abominable Nankin, our modeſty all the time ſtruggling with nature, to efface the ideas it conveys.

For the firſt two days, though we could think

think of nothing elſe, ſhame kept us ſilent even to one another: but we could hold out no longer; yet what to determine, neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good ſervant; and to turn him away for a ſingle fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's ſpeaking, ſeemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to ſpeak to him was the grand queſtion. The word breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarſe to be pronounced; and to ſay "Pa-"trick, we don't like that dreſs, or pray, "Patrick, dreſs in another manner," was laying us under a neceſſity of pointing at his breeches, to make ourſelves underſtood. Nor did it ſeem at all adviſeable to ſet either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might poſſibly draw them into explanations, that might be attended with very puzzling, if not dangerous conſequences.

AFTER having deliberated ſome days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to ſhut our eyes, or turn our backs upon him, for fear of his diſcover-

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ing the cauſe; it occurred to me, that if I could muſter up courage to inform Mr. Fitz-Adam of our diſtreſſes (for we conſtantly take in the WORLD, of which Patrick is alſo a reader) it might be a means of relieving us from this perpetual bluſhing and confuſion. If you walk abroad in a morning, or are a frequenter of auctions, you cannot but have taken notice of this odious faſhion. But I ſhould like it better if you were to paſs your cenſure upon Nankin breeches in general, than to have thoſe of our Patrick taken notice of particularly: however, I leave it entirely to your own choice; and whatever method you may take to diſcountenance the wearing of them, will be perfectly agreeable to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PRISCILLA CROSS-STITCH.

THE caſe of this lady and her companions is ſo exceeding critical, that for fear Patrick ſhould be backward at taking a hint, I have thought it the wiſeſt way to publiſh her letter juſt as I received it: and if after this day, Patrick ſhould again preſume to appear before

his ladies, caſed in Nankin, I hereby authorize Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Hannah to burn his breeches wherever they can find them.

To be ſerious upon this occaſion, I have often looked upon this piece of naked drapery, as a very improper part of dreſs: and as ſuch, I hereby declare, that after this preſent 26th day of June, it ſhall be a capital offence againſt decency and modeſty, for any perſon whatſoever to be ſeen to wear it.

N. B. ALL canvas or linen breeches come within the act.

NUMB. 131. THURSDAY, *July* 3, 1755.

THE converſation happening a few evenings ago, to turn upon the different employments of mankind, we fell into the conſideration how ill the various parts of life are generally ſuited to the perſons who appear in them. This was attributed either to their own ambition, which tempts them to undertake a character they have not abilities to perform

form with credit, or to ſome accidental circumſtance, which throws them into profeſſions contrary, perhaps, both to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming thoſe parents, who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is beſt adapted to their capacities. To this we in a great meaſure aſcribed the ſlow progreſs of arts and ſciences, the frequent failures and miſcarriages of life, and many of thoſe deſperate acts which are often the conſequences of them.

THIS converſation carried us through the greateſt part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to reſt. But the weather being hot, and my ſenſes perfectly awake, I found it impoſſible to give way to ſleep; ſo that my thoughts ſoon returned to the late ſubject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many inſtances of this miſapplication of parts, and compaſſionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected, that as all men have different ideas of pleaſures and honours, different views, inclinations and capacities; yet all concur in a deſire of pleaſing and excelling;

if that principle were applied to the proper point, and every one employed himſelf agreeably to his genius, what a wonderful effect it would ſoon have in the world! With how ſwift a progreſs would arts and ſciences grow up to perfection! And to what an amazing height would all kind of knowledge ſoon be carried! Men would no longer drudge on with diſtaſte and murmuring in a ſtudy they abhor; but every one would purſue with cheerfulneſs his proper calling: buſineſs would become the higheſt pleaſure; diligence would be too univerſal to be eſteemed a virtue; and no man would be aſhamed of an employment, in which he appeared to advantage.

WHILE my mind hung upon theſe reflections, I imperceptibly dropt aſleep. But my imagination, ſurviving my reaſon, I ſoon entered into a dream, which (though mixed with wild flights and abſurdities) bore ſome analogy to my waking thoughts.

I FANCIED myſelf ſtill reflecting on the ſame ſubject, when I was ſuddenly ſnatched up into the air, and preſently found myſelf on the poets' Olympus, at the right hand of Jupiter; who told me that he approved my thoughts,

and

and would make an immediate experiment of the change I had been wiſhing for.

He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than I perceived a ſtrange hurry and confuſion in the lower world: all mankind was in motion, preparing to obey the tremendous nod.

Multitudes of the nobility began to ſtrip themſelves of their robes and coronets, and to act in the different capacities of horſe-jockies, coachmen, taylors, fidlers, and merry-andrews. I diſtinguiſhed two or three great perſonages, who had dreſſed themſelves in white waiſt-coats, and with napkins wrapt about their heads, and aprons tucked round their waiſts, were buſied in ſeveral great kitchens, making conſiderable improvements in the noble art of cookery. A few of this illuſtrious rank, without quitting their honourable diſtinctions, applied themſelves to enlarging the diſcoveries, enlightening the underſtandings, rectifying the judgments, refining the taſtes, poliſhing the manners, improving the hearts, and by all poſſible methods promoting the intereſts of their fellow creatures.

I saw reverend prelates, who, tearing off their lawn, put themſelves into red coats, and

ſoon obtained triumphs and ovations; while others dwindled into pariſh clerks, and village pedagogues. But I obſerved with pleaſure ſeveral of that ſacred order in my own country, who appeared calm and unchanged amidſt the general buſtle, and ſeemed to be deſigned originally to do honour to their exalted ſtations.

THERE were ſeveral grave old men, who threw off their ſcarlet robes, and retired to religious houſes. I ſaw with wonder ſome of theſe deſerted robes put on by private gentlemen, who, loſt in retirement and reſerve, were little imagined to be qualified for ſuch important poſts. But what more aſtoniſhed me was to ſee men of military rank throwing away their regimentals, and appearing with a much better grace in longer ſuits of ſcarlet. Some gentlemen of the robe, whom I had always regarded with reſpect and reverence, ſeemed now more awful and reſpectable than ever: one, in particular, greatly ſurprized me, by quitting the ſeat of judgment, which he had long filled with univerſal applauſe, till I ſaw him entering a more auguſt aſſembly, and afterwards paſſing to the cabinet of his prince, from whence he returned to the great hall, where

firſt

firſt I obſerved him, and convinced me of the extent of his abilities, by appearing equally capable in all his employments.

I SAW in a public aſſembly a junto of patriots, who while they were haranguing on the corruption and iniquity of the times, broke off in the middle, and turned ſtock-jobbers and pawn-brokers. A group of critics at the Bedford coffee-houſe were in an inſtant converted into haberdaſhers of ſmall-ware in Cheapſide. Tranſlators, commentators and polemic divines, made for the moſt part very good coblers, gold-finders and rat-catchers. The chariot of a very eminent phyſician was transformed all at once into a cart, and the doctor to an executioner, faſtening a halter round the neck of a criminal. I ſaw two very noted ſurgeons of my acquaintance in blue ſleeves and aprons, exerting themſelves notably in a ſlaughter-houſe near the Victualling-office. A reverend divine, who was preaching in the fields to a numerous audience, recollected himſelf on a ſudden, and producing a ſet of cups and balls, performed ſeveral very dextrous tricks by ſlight of hand. The pretty gentlemen were every where uſefully employed in knot-

ting, pickling, and making conſerves. The fine ladies remained as they were; for it was beyond even the omnipotence of Jupiter (without entirely changing their natures) to aſſign an office, in which they could be beneficial to mankind.

SEVERAL princes and potentates now relieved themſelves from the load of crowns and ſceptres, and entered with a good grace into private ſtations. Others put themſelves at the head of companies of banditti, formed of lawyers, public officers and exciſemen. Their prime miniſters had generally the honour of being their firſt lieutenants, and ſometimes enjoyed the ſole command; while the courtiers ranged themſelves under them in rank and file. But with what a heart-felt pleaſure did I obſerve an auguſt and venerable monarch, ſurrounded by a youthful band, with the moſt amiable countenances I had ever beheld! He wore a triple crown upon his head, which an angel held on, and over it a ſcroll, with this inſcription, FOR A GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE.

THE ſhops now began to be filled with people of diſtinction; and many a man ſtept with a genteel

a genteel air, from behind the counter, into a great eſtate, or a poſt of honour.

THE nobility were almoſt all changed throughout the world: for no man dared to anſwer to a title of ſuperiority, who was not conſcious of ſuperior excellence and virtue.

IN the midſt of all this buſtle, I was ſtruck with the appearance of a large bevy of beauties and women of the firſt faſhion, who with all the perfect confidence of good breeding, inſhrined themſelves in the ſeveral temples dedicated to the Cyprian Venus, ſecure of the univerſal adorations and proſtrations of mankind. Others of inferior rank and fame, very unconcernedly purſued their domeſtic affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette. But it was with a ſecret pride that I obſerved a few of my dear country-women quit their dreſſing rooms and card aſſemblies, and venture into the public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the ſacred impulſe, I ſaw marching with modeſt compoſure to take poſſeſſion of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but obſerving ſome young ſtudents at the gate, who began to titter as ſhe approached, ſhe bluſhed, turned from them with an air of pity unmixed

with contempt, and retiring to her beloved retreat, contented herſelf with doing all the good that was poſſible in a private ſtation.

THE face of affairs began now to be very much altered: all the great offices of ſtate were filled with able men, who were equal to the glorious load, which they accepted for the good of their country, not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily baniſhed from all commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to accept of an employment, for which he was not every way qualified, merit was the only claim to promotion.

UNIVERSAL peace and tranquility ſoon enſued. Arts and ſciences daily received aſtoniſhing improvements. All men were alike emulous to excell in ſomething; and no part was diſhonourable to one who acted well. In ſhort, the golden age of the poets ſeemed to be reſtored.

BUT while I was reflecting with joy and admiration on theſe glorious revolutions, the tumult of a midnight broil awaked me; and I found myſelf in a world, as full of folly and abſurdity as ever it was.

NUMB. 132. THURSDAY, *July* 10, 1755.

IT has been a perpetual objection of declaimers againſt Providence in all ages, that good and evil are very irregularly diſtributed among mankind, and that the former is too often the portion of the vicious, and the latter of the virtuous. Numberleſs hypotheſes have been framed to reconcile theſe appearances to the idea of a moral SUPREME BEING: I ſhall mention only two at the preſent, as they have been employed by writers of a very different turn.

SOME of theſe writers aſſent to the truth of the fact, but endeavour to invalidate the concluſions raiſed on it, by arguments from reaſon and revelation for the proof of a future ſtate; in which the ſeeming and real inconſiſtencies of this life will be adjuſted agreeably to our ideas of a moral governor. Now objectors will anſwer, and indeed have anſwered, that arguments from reaſon to ſupport this doctrine are extremely inconcluſive. They

may allow it is agreeable to the rules of juſt analogy to preſume that the attributes of the SUPREME BEING, which are imperfectly known in the preſent life, will be manifeſted more clearly to our apprehenſions in a future one: but they will call it an inverſion of all reaſonable arguments, to conclude from thence, that the moral attributes will be diſcoverable in another ſtate of being, when, by a confeſſion of the fact, that good and evil are ſo irregularly diſtributed, no appearances of theſe attributes are ſuppoſed to exiſt in the preſent ſyſtem, that book of nature, from which alone we collect that the author of it is good, as well as wiſe. As little will theſe objectors be influenced by arguments from revelation. To prove natural religion by revelation (which can itſelf be erected on no other principle) they will call but fantaſtic reaſoning in a circle. Revelation, they will ſay, preſuppoſes the following truths, and depends upon their certainty, that there is a GOD, and that ſuch evidences of his goodneſs and other attributes are diſcovered from his works, as in reaſon ſhould induce us to rely with confidence on thoſe oracles delivered to us as his word.

OTHER

OTHER writers who have undertaken a defence of Providence, attempt it in a different manner. They affirm it is vain presumption to imagine Man the final end of the creation, who may be formed ſubſerviently to nobler orders and ſyſtems of being: and that GOD governs by general, not particular laws; laws that reſpect our happineſs as a community, not as individuals. But the ſame objectors will again reply, that it is inconſiſtent with our idea of a being infinitely good, to conceive him determining any creature to miſery, however inferior in the order of general nature, or however formed relatively to ſuperior beings and ſyſtems. They will think it not more reconcileable with our idea of a being infinitely wiſe, to imagine him incapable of accommodating laws, however general, to the intereſt of every particular. They will deſire an explanation how laws can reſpect the happineſs of any ſyſtem, which are ſuppoſed too generally to be productive of miſery, even to the moſt valuable individuals that compoſe it.

THIS argument, drawn from the government of GOD by general, not particular laws, ſeems

ſeems by no means to have been attended with the ſucceſs it was entitled to: and it appears to have failed of this end, not from a defect in the argument itſelf, but either becauſe it has been ill underſtood, or not purſued to its full extent. When unbelievers declaim againſt the ſuppoſed unequal diſtribution of things, they in conſequence condemn the general laws from which they proceed. To reply then that GOD governs by general, not particular laws, is a repetition only of the foundation of their complaints, not an anſwer to them. There is another miſtake in the management of this argument. In the conſideration of the excellence of human laws, we are not content with viewing them intrinſically in themſelves; but compare them with the particular country, temper, manners, and other circumſtances of that people for whom they are intended. Now in the conſideration of divine laws, we have not purſued the ſame method; and for this reaſon, among others, unbelievers have triumphed in the imagined weakneſs of one of the nobleſt arguments that has ever been employed in the nobleſt of cauſes, a defence of Providence.

GOD

God governs by general, not particular laws, becauſe the former alone are adapted to the condition of human kind. In this imperfect ſtate we are entirely unacquainted with the real nature of thoſe beings that ſurround us. We are ignorant from what principle or internal conſtitution they derive a power of operating on other beings, or in what manner the operation is performed. We have no knowledge of cauſes but in their effects, and in thoſe effects alone, which are groſsly viſible to our material organs. We ſuppoſe the ſame effects invariably produced from the ſame cauſes, except where a miraculous power interpoſes, and ſupercedes for a moment the general courſe of nature, which reſumes its former conſtancy, when the ſuperior influence that controuled it is removed. Such rare exceptions do not perplex our conduct, which is regulated by the general rule: but to deſtroy this general order as frequently as the imagined ntereſt of individuals ſeems to us to require it, is to confound human knowledge, and, in conſequence, human action. The huſbandman commits his ſeed to the ground, with a preſumption that the

earth

earth retains all thoſe powers which promote vegetation. He concludes that the ſeaſons will return in their ſtated order; that the ſun will warm and invigorate, where it ſhines, and ſhowers cool and refreſh, where they fall, as in ancient times. Certain eſtabliſhed properties in matter, and certain eſtabliſhed laws of motion, are preſumed in the meaneſt mechanical operation, nay, in the leaſt conſiderable actions of our lives.

LET us repreſent to ourſelves ſuch a ſyſtem of things exiſting, as, in the opinion of an objector to the preſent, would juſtify our conceptions of a moral Supreme Being. Let us imagine every element and power of nature, in the minuteſt as well as the greateſt inſtances, operating to the preſervation and advantage of the good; and on the contrary, concurring to produce miſery and deſtruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a houſe with great ſecurity, whoſe walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls aſleep with a lighted candle at the bed-ſide, and the flame it produces, though ſufficient to conſume the dwellings of the wicked, plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks

a glaſs

a glaſs of aqua fortis, by miſtake, for the ſame quantity of champaigne, and finds it only an innocent enlivener of his ſpirits. The heats of ſummer, and the froſts of winter occaſion the ſame agreeable ſenſations. Rich wines and poignant ſauces attenuate his juices, and rectify the ſcorbutic habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very oppoſite effects. He ſits frozen with cold over that fire which communicates warmth to the reſt of the company at the extremity of the room. At another time he ſcalds his fingers by dipping them into cold water. A baſon of broth, or rice-milk, intoxicates his brain. He acquires the ſtone and a complication of diſtempers from a vegetable diet: and at laſt concludes a miſerable being, by paſſing under an arch of ſolid ſtone, which his own iniquities draw down upon his head.

Let us reſt a moment to expreſs our admiration of ſuch a ſyſtem, and then enquire how the bulk of mankind, neither perfect ſaints nor deſperate ſinners, but partaking generally of the qualities of both, ſhall regulate their conduct in conformity to it. From a confidence in their integrity, ſhall they inhabit houſes

houſes that are nodding to their ruin; or from a diſtruſt of their virtues, be afraid to venture themſelves under the dome of St. Paul's? Shall they practiſe regularity and exerciſe, as wholeſome rules of life; or, indulging themſelves in indolence, ſwallow every day gallons of claret as the grand elixir? Shall they remain undetermined whether the center of an ice-houſe, or the chimney corner, is the more comfortable ſituation in the Chriſtmas holidays? And ſhall they retreat in the dog-days to cool ſhades and running ſtreams; or covering themſelves with their ſurtouts, hurry away to the ſweating-rooms of bagnios?

To ſuch inconvenient concluſions are the perſons reduced, whoſe narrow views, and narrower prejudices furniſh them with complaints againſt the prevailing ſyſtem; which is wiſeſt and beſt, becauſe fitteſt for mankind, to whoſe wants it is accommodated, and to whoſe faculties it is proportioned.

NUMB. 133. THURSDAY, *July* 17, 1755.

THERE is nothing in this world that a man places ſo high a value upon, or that he parts with ſo reluctantly, as the idea of his own CONSEQUENCE. Amidſt care, ſickneſs, and misfortune; amidſt dangers, diſappointments, and death itſelf, he holds faſt this idea, and yields it up but with his laſt breath.

HAPPY indeed would it be if virtue, wiſdom, and ſuperior abilities of doing good, were the baſis of our CONSEQUENCE; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in thoſe very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or deſpiſe us. The man of pleaſure derives his CONSEQUENCE from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country ſquire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not underſtand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not underſtand

underſtand himſelf; my lady's woman, by dreſſing like a perſon of quality; and my lady herſelf, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her houſe-maids.

THOSE, who in their own ſituations, are unfortunately of no CONSEQUENCE, are catching at every opportunity that offers itſelf to acquire it. Thus the blockhead of fortune flies from the company that would improve him, to be a man of CONSEQUENCE among the vulgar; while the independent citizen gives up the eaſe and enjoyment which he would find in the company and converſation of his equals, to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his ſuperiors at the other end of the town, in order to be a man of CONSEQUENCE at his return.

I REMEMBER an anabaptiſt taylor in the city, who, to make himſelf a man of CONSEQUENCE, uſed to boaſt to his cuſtomers, that however ſilent hiſtory had been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon his credit, that the man in the maſk who cut off king Charles's head, was his own grandfather. I knew alſo a ſhoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a ſtudent at St. John's, who was afterwards

tranſported

tranſported for picking pockets, but who having at his return commenced gameſter, and of courſe made himſelf company for gentlemen, uſed always to preface what he had to ſay with, "I re- "member when I was *abroad*, or when I was "at *college*." But even a more ridiculous inſtance than this, is in an old gentlewoman who has lately taken a garret at my barber's: this lady (whoſe father it ſeems was a juſtice of the quorum) conſtantly ſits three whole hours every evening over a halfpenny rowl and a farthing's worth of cheeſe, becauſe it was the cuſtom of her family, ſhe ſays, to dine late, and ſit a long while. This kind of CONSEQUENCE was very happily ridiculed by Tom Slaughter the butcher at Newmarket. Everybody knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who run through a very good eſtate by cocking and horſe-racing. Tom being aſked, laſt meeting, by one who had known him in his proſperity, how he could deſcend to ſo low a calling as that of a butcher, anſwered, "Why, "you know, ſir, our family always took a "pride in killing their own mutton."

THAT this affectation of CONSEQUENCE is the moſt ridiculous of all vanities, every-

body

body will allow. But where men of real worth in all other reſpects are poſſeſſed of it, or where perſons in great and honourable ſtations render themſelves and their employments contemptible by ſuch affectation, it is then ſeriouſly to be lamented.

OUR anceſtors derived their CONSEQUENCE from their independency; and ſupported it by their integrity and hoſpitality. They reſided upon their ſeveral eſtates, and kept open houſes for their neighbours and tenants. They exerted themſelves in deeds of hardineſs and activity; and their wives and daughters were modeſt and good houſewives.

THERE is an epitaph in Peck's collection of curious hiſtorical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have ſeen it in any other collection) I ſhall here tranſcribe, that our gentry of the preſent times may be inſtructed in the art of making themſelves perſons of real CONSEQUENCE. This epitaph (which for its natural beauty and ſimplicity, is equal to any thing of the kind) was written in queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous knight, ſir Thomas Scot of Scot's hall in the

county

county of Kent, who died on the 30th day of December 1594. and was buried in Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of ſir William Kempe. He ſerved in many parliaments as knight of the ſhire for that county. In the memorable year 1588, upon the council's ſending him a letter on the Wedneſday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spaniſh Armada, he ſent four thouſand armed men to Dover on the Thurſday. The inhabitants of Aſhford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corps might have been buried in their church.

EPITAPH.

I.

Here lies Sir THOMAS SCOT *by name;*
Oh hapie KEMPE *that bore him!*
Sir RAYNOLD, *with four knights of fame,*
Lyv'd lyneally before him.

II.

His wiefes were BAKER, HEYMAN, BEERE;
His love to them unfayned.
He lyved nyne and fifty yeare;
And ſeventeen ſowles he gayned.

III.

III.

His firſt wief bore them everie one:
The world might not have myſt her!
She was a verie paragon,
The ladie BUCKERST'S *ſyſter.*

IV.

His widowe lyves in ſober ſorte;
No matron more diſcreter.
She ſtill reteiynes a good reporte,
And is a great howſekeper.

V.

He (being call'd to ſpecial place)
Did what might beſt behove him.
The QUEENE *of* ENGLAND *gave him grace;*
The KING *of* HEAV'N *did love him.*

VI.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntrie cried!
Both younge and old in KENT *may ſaye,*
Woe woorth the daye he died.

VII.

He made his porter ſhut his gates
To ſycophants and briebors;
And ope them wide to greate eſtates,
And alſoe to his neighbors.

VIII.

VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
Whoſe bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hoſpitall,
And refuge for the needie.

IX.

From whence he never ſtept aſide,
In winter nor in ſommer.
In Chriſtmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

X.

When any ſervis ſhold be donn,
He lyekēd not to lyngar;
The rich wold ride, the poor wold runn,
If he held up his fingar.

XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite moſt finelye;
He us'd few words, but cold diſcours
Both wiſely and dyvinelye.

XII.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
His daughters well beſtowed;
Althogh that he were lefte in debt,
In fine, he nothing owed;

XIII.

But died in rich and hapie ſtate,
Belov'd of man and woman;
And (which is yeat much more than that)
He was envy'd of no man.

XIV.

In juſtice he dyd muche excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He loov'd rellygion woondrous well,
But he was not new fangled.

XV.

Let ROMNEY *marſh, and* DOVER *ſaye,*
Aſk NORBORN *camp at leyſuer,*
If he were woont to make delaye,
To doe his cuntrie pleaſure.

XVI.

But ASHFORD'S *proffer paſſeth all,*
It was both rare and gentle;
They wold have pay'd his funerall,
T'have tomb'd him in their temple.

XVII.

Ambition he did not regard,
No boaſter, nor no bragger;
He ſpent, and lookt for no reward:
He cold not play the bagger.

NUMB. 134. THURSDAY, *July* 24, 1755.

IN a former paper I attempted to prove that the laws muſt be general, not particular, which GOD employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly the nature of the complaints which theſe laws occaſion, and conſider how far the exiſtence of a Providence is rendered precarious by them.

WE lament that happineſs and miſery are very irregularly diſtributed among the good and bad: and yet, as it has been well obſerved, are by no means determined in queſtions, very neceſſary to be preciſely ſettled, before we form this concluſion: as, what is the final and proper happineſs of man? And who are the good, and who the bad, that deſerve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it? He is not a good man at Rome, who is a good man at London. Nay, in the ſame country, this ſect adores him as a ſaint, whom another proclaims a miniſter of darkneſs. The

patriot of one party, is the rebel of the oppoſite one. The happineſs then or miſery of ſuch a perſon becomes very frequently, at the ſame time, and in the ſame place, both an argument for the belief, and rejection of a Providence.

AGAIN, the greateſt part of the misfortunes which afflict us, are concluded to ariſe from the action of general laws; when, in reality, they proceed from our o n wilful oppoſition to them, and refuſal to accept them as the meaſure of our conduct. Obſcure and limited as human reaſon is, it is ſufficient to diſcover to us certain deſirable ends, and certain means fitted to produce them: ends not to be procured by the application of different means, and means not adapted to procure different ends. Phyſical cauſes produce phyſical, and moral cauſes moral effects. It is ſurely unreaſonable to invert this order, and expect moral effects from phyſical cauſes, and phyſical effects from moral cauſes. It is unreaſonable to expect, that the virtues of a ſaint or martyr will ſecure us from the dangers of a well or precipice, if we advance to them with a bandage over our eyes. We ſhould ſmile at

the

the country gentleman's ſimplicity, who diſbelieved a Providence, becauſe fox-hunting, port and tobacco were incapable of inſpiring him with the genius of Milton, or becauſe he was unfurniſhed with the ſagacity and penetration of Locke, after a dozen years attendance to every debate at the quarter ſeſſions. The epicure would be entitled to as little ſerious treatment, who embraced the ſame atheiſtical tenet, becauſe his ſtreams did not flow with burgundy and champaigne, or becauſe haunches of veniſon, turtles and turbots did not riſe as ſpontaneouſly from his hot beds as muſhrooms. We ſhould treat ſuch characters with ridicule; but are other leſs ridiculous, who expect effects as diſproportionate to their cauſes, as thoſe juſt deſcribed? Should the wiſe and good complain that they are not rich and robuſt like particular wicked men; the reply is obvious: the means that procure wiſdom and virtue are very different from thoſe that procure health and riches. Do they lament that they are not in poſſeſſion of thoſe external advantages, when they have neglected the natural methods of acquiring them, which perſons leſs valuable have purſued with ſucceſs? It is no objection

againſt a Providence, that men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thiſtles; they have reaſon to be ſatisfied, while it is in their power to receive them from the plants proper to their production.

LET it be allowed that on ſome occaſions, with all our precaution, the order of nature may operate to our diſadvantage: the torrent may overwhelm, the flame conſume, or the earthquake ſwallow us: but are general laws to be condemned, becauſe in particular inſtances they give us tranſient pain, or even determine our preſent ſtate of being, which they have contributed to preſerve in every period of it, and on which not only our happineſs, but our very exiſtence has depended? It is a neceſſary condition of a compounded ſubſtance, like the material part of man, to be ſubject to diſſolution, from cauſes exterior to it, or united with its conſtitution. Does a more convincing argument ariſe againſt a Providence from its diſſolution at one ſeaſon rather than another? or from its diſſolution by an external, rather than an internal cauſe, which is as effectual to the end, though leſs precipitate in the means?

SOME few caſes (much fewer than are generally

nerally imagined) may poſſibly be ſtated, where in the preſent life, the moment of miſery to a faultleſs creature may exceedingly overbalance the moment of its happineſs; as when it is introduced into being with infirmities of body, too obſtinate for temperance and diſcipline to correct, and which render it inſenſible to every enjoyment. But to ſolve theſe appearances, a well-ſupported revelation, that inſtructs us in the doctrine of a future ſtate, may fitly be applied: for though revelation cannot ſerve as a baſis to natural religion, on which it is only a ſuperſtructure, yet it may be extremely uſeful to reconcile the ſeeming inconſiſtencies of a ſyſtem, diſcovered to be good by arguments of another kind; and reaſon will acquieſce in the truths it teaches, as agreeable to her own dictates.

After premiſing theſe reflections, I may venture to make public the following letter from a very learned female correſpondent.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

It has been ſome ſurprize to me, that in a paper which ſeems deſigned to correct our judgments, and reduce the influence of faſhion,

folly, prejudice and paſſion, you have never confuted a principle, which is a compoſition of them all. I mean the belief of a Providence. It anſwers indeed no individual purpoſe, except to countenance the inſolence of our parſons, who maintain it in defiance of the wiſdom of their ſuperiors. I was early initiated in that *firſt philoſophy*, which explained the creation by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms. An infinite number of particles, varied in ſhape, ſize and colour, and embracing each other in all poſſible poſitions, opened a ſcene as entertaining to my fancy as it was intelligible to my underſtanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion; and his ſituation in a goal, under the preſſure of ill-health, loſs of fortune, reputation and friends, furniſhed him with copious arguments to ſupport it. A maiden aunt, indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually repreſenting his principles as impious, and his arguments for them as abſurd. She inſiſted that his misfortunes could fairly be aſcribed to no other cauſe than himſelf. That loſs of reputation and friends was the natural conſequence of a want of common

 honeſty;

honeſty; loſs of fortune of extravagance; and loſs of health of debauchery. I am aſhamed to confeſs that theſe childiſh reaſons had too much weight with me, and that I continued too long in a fluctuating ſtate between truth and error. I thank God however, that my own misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the reaſon of things. My beauty impaired, if not loſt by the ſmall pox, the death of a favourite child, the ſcantineſs of my circumſtances, and the brutality of my huſband, have proved beyond exception, that that no moral Being preſides over us. I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of the ſame nonſenſe employed againſt me, as before againſt my brother, by the ſame ancient lady. She concluded with obſerving, that complaints of circumſtances and the brutality of a huſband came with an indifferent grace from a perſon, who, after rejecting ſo many advantageous offers, eſcaped from a window with a ſtranger ſhe had ſcarcely ſeen. You will do me the juſtice to believe that my judgment on this occaſion, was regulated more by my own feelings, than the eloquence of my aunt. My

ſatisfaction is, that the good lady, inſenſibly to herſelf, ſeems now becoming a convert to thoſe opinions, which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumſtances have indeed ſtaggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new diſcovery, that ſhe is conſiderably turned of ſeventy, and feels the infirmities which accompany that ſeaſon, making haſty advances to her. Her father confeſſor, and ancient admirer, the vicar of the pariſh, broke his leg not long ſince, and received other contuſions, not yet made public, by a fall from a vicious horſe: and a lady in the neighbourhood, whom ſhe has never forgiven the inſult of diſputing formerly the precedence at church, is placed in a rank very ſuperior to her own, by the acceſſion of her huſband to an eſtate and title, to which he has been preſumptive heir for above theſe twenty years.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 135. THURSDAY, *July* 31, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE are few things which contribute more to miſlead our judgments, and pervert our morals, than the confuſion of our ideas ariſing from the abuſe of words. Hence it hourly happens that virtues and vices are ſo blended and diſguiſed by taking each other's names, that almoſt the worſt actions a man can be guilty of, ſhall be attributed to an elevated and laudable ſpirit. Thus the moſt extravagant fellow living, who, to keep up an oſtentatious figure by all kinds of expence, ſets his country and conſcience to ſale, ſhall be extolled by all about him as a noble generous ſoul, above the low conſideration of dirty money. The high-mettled blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter; who withholds a tradeſman's juſt debt, that he may be punctual with a ſharper; in ſhort, who

dares

dares do any injury, and run the man through the body who ſhall reſent it, calls himſelf, and is called by the world, a man of gallantry and honour. Œconomy is put out of countenance by the odious word avarice; and the moſt rapacious covetouſneſs takes ſhelter under the terms prudence and diſcretion. An eaſy thoughtleſſneſs of temper, which betrays the owner to recommend a ſcoundrel; to lend to, or be bound for a ſpendthrift; to conform with all the gallant ſchemes of a profligate; to heap favours on a pimp or ſharper, even to the neglect of meritorious friends, and frequently to the diſtreſſing a wife and children; in fine, that eaſy diſpoſition of mind which cannot reſiſt importunity, be the ſollicitor ever ſo unworthy, is dignified with the moſt amiable of all epithets, good-nature; and ſo the thing itſelf brought into diſgrace by the miſapplication of the word.

THE bare mention of theſe abuſes is ſufficient to lead every thinking reader into a larger catalogue of the like kind. Hence it is that falſhood uſurps the place of truth, and ignominy of merit; and though this may have been the complaint of all ages and nations of the civilized

civilized world, yet ſtill the cheaters and the cheated are as numerous as ever.

I HAVE been led into theſe reflections by the ſuperficial and miſtaken opinions which are almoſt univerſally received of two gentlemen in a neighbouring county, at whoſe houſes I have been lately entertained, and whoſe characters I ſhall here delineate, concealing their real names under the fictitious ones of Sombrinus and Hilarius.

SOMBRINUS is a younger brother of a noble family, whoſe intrinſic worth having been deſcried and valued by a man of ſolid ſenſe in the neighbourhood, procured him the happineſs of his only daughter in marriage, with a fortune of a thouſand pounds per annum. Sombrinus is a man of extraordinary natural parts, cultivated by much reading and obſervation: of nice honour; ſincere in his friendſhips, which are but few, and univerſally humane. A warm lover of his religion and country, and an excellent juſtice of the peace, in which capacity he takes infinite pains to allay bitterneſs, and compoſe quarrels. Pious himſelf, a regularity of devotion is kept up in his family. His numerous iſſue (to which he

is

is rather eſſentially affectionate, than fond) obliges him to œconomy, though his natural inclination is ſtronger towards diſpenſing riches, than hoarding them. His equipage and table are rather neat and ſufficient than ſumptuous. Reaſonable people are always welcome to him; but the riotous find their account neither in his temperance, nor his converſation. With all theſe good qualities, his too great avidity for book knowledge, his penetration into men and manners, and his exalted notions of reaſon and rectitude, combining with a ſickly habit of body, render him apt to be ſplenetic or ſilent, upon occaſions wherein his delicacy is groſly offended. Hence the much injured Sombrinus lies under the calumny of being a very *ill-natured man*, among all thoſe who have but a ſlight acquaintance with him; while even his intimates, who ſee him at all hours, and in every mood, though convinced of the goodneſs of his heart, and the purity of his intentions, are yet obliged, when contending in his favour, to grant that he has often the appearance of an *ill-humoured man*.

HILARIUS is a downright country gentleman; a *bon vivant*; an indefatigable ſportſman.

man. He can drink his gallon at a ſitting, and will tell you he was never *ſick nor ſorry* in his life. He married a moſt diſagreeable woman with a vaſt fortune, whom however he contents himſelf with ſlighting, merely becauſe he cannot take the trouble of uſing her ill. For the ſame reaſon he is ſeldom ſeen to be angry, unleſs his favourite horſe ſhould happen to be lamed, or the game-act infringed. Having an eſtate of above five thouſand a year, his ſtrong beer, ale and wine-cellar are always well ſtored; to either of which, as alſo to his table, abounding in plenty of good victuals ill ſorted and ill dreſſed, every voter and fox-hunter claims a kind of right. He roars for the church, which he never viſits, and is eternally cracking his coarſe jeſts, and talking ſmut to the parſons; whom if he can make ſuddled, and expoſe to contempt, it is the higheſt pleaſure he can enjoy. As for his lay friends, nothing is more frequent with him than to ſet them and their ſervants dead drunk upon their horſes, to whoſe ſagacity it is left to find the way home in a dark winter's night; and ſhould any of them happen to be found half ſmothered in a ditch next morning, it affords him

him excellent diverſion for a twelve-month after. His ſons are loobies, and his daughters hoydens: not that he is covetous, but careleſs in their educations. Through the ſame indolence, his baſtards, of which he has not a few, are left to the pariſh; and his men and maid ſervants run riot without controul, for want of diſcipline in the family. He has a mortal averſion to any interruption in his mirth. Tell him of a calamity that has befallen one of his acquaintance, he aſks where ſtands the bottle? Propoſe to him the aſſiſting at a quarter ſeſſions, he is engaged at a cock-match; or ſhould he, through curioſity, make his appearance there, ever jovial and facetious, and equally free from the diſturbance of paſſion and compaſſion, he will crack his joke from the bench with the vagrant whom he ſentences to be whipt through the county, or with the felon whom he condemns to the gallows. Such is his condeſcenſion, that he makes no ſcruple to take his pipe and pot at an alehouſe with the very dregs of the people. As for the parliament (though his ſeat in it coſts him very dear in houſe-keeping) if the fate of the nation depended upon his attend-

ance

ance there, he would not be prevailed on to quit the country in the ſhooting or hunting ſeaſon, unleſs forced up by a call of the houſe. In fine, it is an invariable maxim with him, let what will happen, never to give himſelf one moment's concern. Are you in health and proſperity? No one is readier to club a laugh with you; but he has no ear to the voice of diſtreſs or complaint. The buſineſs of his life is (what he calls) pleaſure; to promote this, he annually conſumes his large income, which without any deſign of his, may happen indeed to do ſome good,

And wander, Heav'n directed, to the poor.

WITH theſe endowments, there are at leaſt nine in ten, who give the preference to Hilarius, and laviſh on him the epithets of the worthieſt, the nobleſt, and the beſt-natured creature alive; while Sombrinus is ridiculed as a *deadly* wiſe man, a milkſop, ſtingy, proud, ſullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombrinus is the man to whom every one flies, whenever there is a demand for juſtice, good ſenſe, wholeſome counſel, or real charity: to Hilarius, when the belly only is to be conſulted, or the time diſſipated.

THUS

THUS are the thouſand good qualities of Sombrinus eclipſed by a too reſerved and ſerious turn of mind; while Hilarius, on the falſe credit of generoſity and good humour, without one ſingle virtue in his compoſition, ſwims triumphantly with the ſtream of applauſe, and is eſteemed by every one of his acquaintance, for having only the abilities of a complete voluptuary.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this letter without lamenting the miſtaken opinions uſually received of characters like theſe, as a woful inſtance of the depravity of our hearts as well as heads. A man may with equal propriety averr, that the giant who ſhewed himſelf for a ſhilling laſt winter at Charing Croſs, was in every reſpect a much greater man than Mr. Pope, who had the misfortune of being low, crooked, and afflicted with the head-ake.

I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant reader

and moſt humble ſervant,

W. M.

NUMB.

NUMB. 136. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS it is incumbent on an hiſtorian, who writes the hiſtory of his own times, to take notice of public and remarkable events, ſo I apprehend it to be the buſineſs of a writer of eſſays for entertainment and inſtruction, to mark the paſſions as they riſe, and to treat of thoſe eſpecially, which appear to influence the manners of the age he lives in.

THE love of noiſe, though a paſſion obſervable in all times and countries, has yet been ſo predominant of late years, and given riſe to ſo many of our modern cuſtoms, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your ſpeculations.

IN many inſtances this paſſion is ſubordinate to, and proceeds from another, which is no leſs univerſal, and no leſs commendable; I mean the love of fame. Noiſe, or ſound in general,

general, has been conſidered as a means, whereby thouſands have rendered themſelves famous in their generation; and this is the reaſon why to be famous, and to make a noiſe in the world, are commonly underſtood as equivalent expreſſions. Hence alſo the trumpet, becauſe one of the moſt noble inſtruments of ſound, was anciently made ſacred to the heathen goddeſs of fame: ſo that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing juſtice to a man's merit, and he is conſtrained to do it himſelf, he is very properly ſaid to ſound his own praiſes, or trumpet out his fame.

THE great utility and advantages which may be obtained from noiſe, in ſeveral other reſpects, are very apparent. In the pulpit, the preacher who declaims in the loudeſt manner, is ſure to gain the greateſt number of followers. He has alſo the ſatisfaction of knowing, that the devotion of a great part of his audience depends more upon the ſoundneſs of his lungs, than the ſoundneſs of his doctrine.

AT the bar, every one knows the great influence of ſound: and indeed where people accuſtom

accuſtom themſelves to talk much and mean little, it behoves them to ſubſtitute noiſe in the place of eloquence. It is alſo a very juſt remark, that ſcurrility and abuſe require an elevation of the voice.

In the ſenate it is often ſeen that the noiſe and thunder with which a patriot ſhakes the houſe, has redounded more to the good of his country, than all the knowledge of the hiſtory and laws of it, locked up in the breaſts of profound politicians, who have wanted voices to make themſelves heard.

FROM a conviction that noiſe in general can be made ſubſervient to ſo many good purpoſes, we may eaſily imagine that a great fondneſs muſt be often ſhewn for it, even where its uſefulneſs, or tendency, is not immediately diſcernible: for from the very force of habit, the means will often be purſued, where the end is not perhaps attainable.

AT a coffee-houſe which I frequent at the St. James's end of the town, I meet with two ſets of young men, commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Beaux and Bloods; who are perpetually interrupting the converſation of the company, either with whiſtling of tunes, liſping

ing of new-faſhioned oaths, trolling out affected ſpeeches and ſhort ſentences; or elſe with recitals of bold adventures paſt, and much bolder which they are about to engage in. But as noiſe is more becoming a Blood than a Beau, I am generally diverted with the one, and always tired with the other.

THIS has led me to reflect on the wiſdom which has been ſhewn in the inſtitution of certain clubs and nocturnal meetings for men, into which no perſons can be admitted as members, but thoſe who are diſpoſed to make that particular noiſe only, which is agreeable to the taſtes and talents of their reſpective ſocieties. Thus the members of one club vent their noiſe in politics; thoſe of another in critical diſſertations on eating and drinking; a third perhaps in ſtory-telling, and a fourth in a conſtant rotation of merry ſongs. In moſt of theſe clubs there are preſidents choſen and inveſted with authority to be as noiſy as they pleaſe themſelves, and to inflict penalties on all thoſe who open out of time.

THE ladies indeed are ſomewhat more limited in their topics for noiſe, though their meetings for venting it are more numerous than

than thoſe of the men. They alſo lie under the diſadvantage of having voices of a tone too ſoft and delicate to be heard at a great diſtance: but they ſeem in ſome meaſure to have obviated theſe diſadvantages, by agreeing to talk all together; by which means, and as the ſubject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the moſt vociferous of their clubs.

AGAIN; thoſe diverſions, in which noiſe moſt abounds, have been always held in the higheſt eſteem. The true and original country ſquire, who is actuated by this generous paſſion for noiſe, prefers the diverſion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine muſic and harmony of their tongues; and ſcarce ever goes to bed without winding the horn, and having the full cry in his parlour. Horſe-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like, are ſports which fill the hearts of the common people with the moſt extravagant delight; while their voices are employed in the loudeſt ſhouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our Engliſh ſailors,

no

no entertainment can be compleat, where the all-cheering huzza is wanting; by the force of which they are inſpired with ſuch courage and reſolution, that even fighting itſelf becomes their diverſion.

In London, where many of theſe ſports cannot be enjoyed, the paſſion for noiſe has appeared in various other ſhapes. It has within the memory of moſt men, given riſe to routs, drums, and hurricanes; which in all probability would have been improved into cannonades, thunders and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the late pannics on account of ſome concuſſions in the air, very much reſembling thoſe of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to thoſe polite aſſemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that they are uſually compoſed of what is called the beſt company, who from time immemorial, have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other inſtances of the effects of this paſſion in high life, I ſhall only take notice of one more; which is an ingenious method (unknown to our fore-fathers) of

of making a thundering noiſe at people's doors; by which you are generally given to underſtand that ſome perſon of conſequence does you the honour to ſuppoſe you are in the land of the living.

SOME may think that it will bear a diſpute, whether ſuch a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon, in the eye of the law, as an attempt of a *forcible entry:* but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be conſtrued to an action of *aſſault* and *battery*; ſince it may be proved that the generality of thoſe who are guilty of this miſdemeanor have really no intention of making any entry at all: for when doors are opened to them, they ſecure their retreat as faſt as they can; flying from the face of thoſe whom they count their enemies when at home, and viſit as their friends when abroad.

I HAVE now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the ſentiments of a wealthy old lady in the city, with regard to the uſefulneſs of noiſe, ſeem very nearly to correſpond with the obſervations I have here made upon that ſubject. I ſhall tranſcribe a ſhort paſſage

from the character of this lady, and conclude my letter.

" TOWARDS the decline of her days ſhe " took lodgings on Ludgate-hill, in order to " be amuſed with the noiſes in the ſtreet, and " to be conſtantly ſupplied with objects of " contemplation: for ſhe thought it of great " uſe to a mind that had a turn for medita- " tion, to obſerve what was paſſing in the " world. As ſhe had alſo a very religious " diſpoſition, ſhe uſed often to ſay it was a " grievous ſhame that ſuch a thing as ſilent " meetings, among ſome of the diſſenting " brethren, ſhould be ſuffered in a chriſtian " country. And when ſhe died, ſhe left five " hundred pounds towards the erecting fifty " new *ſounding-boards*, to aid the lungs of the " aged clergy, in divers churches within the " bills of mortality."

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

R. L.

NUMB.

NUMB. 137. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1755.

MY correſpondent of to-day, will, I hope, excuſe me for not publiſhing his letter ſooner. To confeſs the truth, I had ſome thoughts of making an apology to him for not publiſhing it at all; having conceived an opinion that it might tend to leſſen thoſe exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though upon reconſideration I have changed my mind, I muſt take the liberty of obſerving, by way of introduction, that as I modeſtly preſume no man living has more learning than myſelf, ſo no man values himſelf more upon it, or has a greater veneration for all thoſe who poſſeſs it, even though they ſhould poſſeſs nothing elſe. I remember to have ſeen it under my grandmother's own hand, in the new primer ſhe gave me at my firſt going to ſchool, that *learning is better than houſe and land:* and though I cannot ſay that I have ever been in a ſituation to make the proper compariſon be-

tween LEARNING and HOUSE and LAND; yet my grandmother was a wiſe woman, and I had never reaſon to call in queſtion the truth of any of her ſayings.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

It is with pleaſure I obſerve, that you commonly avoid the ridiculous oſtentation of prefixing a ſcrap of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your practice confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin, is neither uſeful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all ſorts of readers.

IT was excuſable in your predeceſſors, the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian; for in their time we had fine gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom could, perhaps, make a ſhift to pick out the meaning of a Latin couplet. But now-a-days, the caſe is altered; it is pedantry to know any other language, or, at leaſt, to ſeem to know any, but the faſhionable modern ones. For my own part, I by no means approve of motto's, which I doubt not are often thought of after the piece is written; and

and if not, muſt confine the writer too cloſely to the ſenſe of them. The ſame objection I have to numerous quotations from the ancients; for why ſhould we ſpeak in a leſs intelligible language, what may be as pertinently and juſtly expreſſed in our own? It is with reaſon then, that in our days a man is no more reputed a ſcholar for quoting Homer and Virgil, than he would be eſteemed a man of morals for reading Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is thought as unneceſſary to a good eſſay, as a head of Otho or Galba would be to a learned man, if it was ſlung round his ſhoulders. Indeed, to ſpeak my mind, if the uſe of a language is to arrive at the ſenſe, wit, and arts conveyed by it, I ſee no reaſon why our own ſhould yield to any other, ancient or modern. It is copious and manly, though not regular; and has books in every branch of the arts and ſciences, written with a ſpirit and judgment not to be exceeded. Notwithſtanding which, a man verſed in Greek and Latin, and nothing elſe, ſhall be called learned; while another, leſs knowing in theſe, who has imbibed the ſenſe, ſpirit and know-

ledge of all the beſt authors in our own language, is denied that honourable title.

I OWN to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that he who would lay in a ſtore of prudent and judicious maxims for the direction of his conduct in life, can do it no where more effectually, than from the invaluable works of antiquity. But is it abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould do this from the very languages in which they were written? I am myſelf what is called a good Greek and Latin ſcholar; and yet I believe I might be maſter of as much true knowledge, if I underſtood neither. There are many good reaſons to be given why the ſtudy of theſe languages ought to be cultivated; but I think this purſuit may be carried too far; and that much of the time ſpent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them, might be employed to more advantage. I ſpeak in general; for there are ſome, who have a genius particularly ſuited to the ſtudy of words, that would never make any figure in the ſtudy of things.

THERE is hardly any thing truly valuable in the dead languages, that may not be read with equal advantage and ſatisfaction in the

living, and more particularly in our own: for if I may rely upon my own judgment, and the report of learned men, many of the beſt ancient authors have loſt little by their tranſlation into our ſoil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am likewiſe delighted with the French dreſs of the laſt, and Mr Smith's Engliſh of both. I can diſtinguiſh the gentility and eaſe of Cicero, and the ſpirit and neatneſs of Pliny, in their epiſtles, as they are tranſlated by Mr. Melmoth. Will any man that has ſeen Mr. Pope's Homer, lament that he has not read him in the original? And will not every man of a true taſte admire the gaiety and good-ſenſe of Horace, the gallantry and genteel careleſſneſs of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the paſſion of Tibullus, in the paraphraſes and tranſlations of Donne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve and Hammond? I inſtance theſe, as their beauties are with more difficulty transferred into a foreign language.

It would be endleſs to enumerate the Engliſh poems that perhaps equal any thing in Greek or Latin. The Paradiſe Loſt will be thought

little inferior to the Iliad or Æneid in judgment, majeſty, and true poetic fire. The Eſſay on Criticiſm, I need not ſcruple to compare with the Epiſtle to the Piſo's; nor to prefer the Dúnciad, Eſſay on Man, and the Ethic epiſtles to any of the productions of antiquity. And will you not join with me in preferring Alexander's feaſt to all the extravagance of Pindar, in point of harmony, and power of expreſſion and numbers? The poets, it is true, had different views; but notwithſtanding, there may be a compariſon.

To enlarge farther, would carry me beyond the limits I propoſe to myſelf; I ſhall therefore conclude my remarks on this kind of writing, with obſerving, that if we fall ſhort of the ancients in any part of polite writing, it is in the method of dialogue, in which ſome of them, as Xenophon, Plato and Tully, had moſt excellent talents: and yet I know not whether the dialogue on medals, and the minute philoſopher may not rival any thing they have left behind them: for as to their political writings, no man will think them equal to the Letters on patriotiſm, and the idea of

a patriot

a patriot king. In hiſtory we are certainly deficient, though Raleigh, Clarendon, and a few others are excellent in their kinds; but we as certainly make it up in mathematics, natural philoſophy, phyſic, and the many excellent treatiſes we have in morality, politics and civil prudence.

It is not my intention to reſume a ſubject that has already employed much abler pens, and to raiſe a diſpute about the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns; nor would I by any means diſcourage the ſtudy of the ancient languages; for I think the time I ſpent in acquiring them extremely well employed: but I would willingly perſuade ſuch as are not maſters of them, that they may become ſcholars and learned men with no other aſſiſtance than their own native Engliſh. I am ſure I think the man more deſerving of thoſe names, who is converſant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke and Newton, than he who is unacquainted with theſe great philoſophers, though he ſhould have read Plato, Ariſtotle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to

know who I am, that decide ſo magiſterially in a point ſo long given up, and of ſo much conſequence to the republic of letters. Time, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may bring that to light: at preſent it is neceſſary I ſhould ſcreen myſelf from the indignation of pedants, who would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbiſh. My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, that many of them poſſeſs more real learning, than a fellow of a college, who has for twenty years pored upon remnants. I have indeed often wondered that the author of the WORLD has not been favoured with a much greater ſhare of the productions of female correſpondents than any of his predeceſſors, as he has ſet at nought Greek and Latin for their ſakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reaſon: for ſo capricious are the ſex, that though they hate a pedant, they deſpiſe the man who is not *homo multarum literarum*. I have heard a lady declare, that ſhe could no more love the man whoſe learning was not ſuperior to her own, than him who took all occaſions of ſhewing her that it was. If you approve of me as a correſpondent, I may be ſometimes

ſometimes at your ſervice; in which caſe, to ſhew my learning, my ſtile ſhall now and then be enriched with a little Greek and Latin.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. C.

NUMB. 138. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1755.

FOR ſeveral weeks paſt, I have been conſidering with myſelf how I might extend the uſe and entertainment of theſe my labours: for though thouſands of my countrymen have experienced and are ready to atteſt their ſalutary effects, yet it cannot be denied but that there are ſtill people to be met with, who are by no means as wiſe and as good as they ought to be. General ſatire, as I have formerly obſerved, is what few people care to apply to themſelves; and though I have hitherto

therto been averſe to particular and perſonal abuſe, I am at laſt willing to try its effect, well-knowing that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one in a million to the entertainment it gives, I ſhall have reaſon to bleſs myſelf for thus quarrelling with the world. I am ſenſible alſo, that by adopting this method, I am encreaſing the number of my correſpondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on ſo delightful a ſubject as the failings of his friends; eſpecially when I ſhall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehenſions for his ſafety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myſelf. I therefore hereby invite all perſons whatſoever to tranſmit to me forthwith all the ſcandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or in default of ſuch names, minute deſcriptions of perſons, their alliances and connections, or the ſtreets they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correſpondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not ſuffer the copiouſneſs and enticement of the ſubject

ject to hurry them into lengths that may exceed the bounds of this paper.

'I AM ſenſible that a great deal of courage, and an equal degree of dexterity at ſingle rapier, will be neceſſary upon this occaſion; but as I ſaid before, I am contented to take the whole upon myſelf, rather than lay my correſpondents under any reſtraint: my name is Adam Fitz-Adam; I am to be heard of every morning at the Tilt-yard coffee-houſe, and, though an old man, ſhall be ready to give any gentleman ſatisfaction, who chuſes to call upon me in a hackney coach, and frank me to Hyde park or Montague houſe.

To extend the uſefulneſs of this paper ſtill farther, it is my intention (notwithſtanding any former declaration to the contrary) to mix politics with ſlander. I am in a manner compelled to make this ſecond alteration in my plan, from a thorough conviction that no man in theſe kingdoms is ſuch a maſter of politics as myſelf; and as a war with France ſeems now to be inevitable, I ſhall from time to time inſtruct our miniſters in what manner to conduct it, and ſhall hope for an exact compliance with every plan I ſhall lay before them.

them. This will be ſaving a great deal of trouble and perplexity to the common people of England, who, though always ready to inſtruct an adminiſtration, are ſometimes ſo divided in their opinions, that the ſaid adminiſtration are forced to purſue their own meaſures, for want of plain and punctual inſtructions from their friends.

THE better to carry on this laudable deſign, I ſhall direct what bills are proper to be brought into parliament, and what acts I would have repealed. I ſhall alſo devote three mornings in every week to the private inſtruction of all ſuch miniſters and members of parliament, as are deſirous of conferring with me at my lodgings up two pair of ſtairs at the Trunk-maker's in St. Martin's Lane. I ſhall likewiſe be ready to anſwer all queſtions in politics to ſuch gentlemen and ladies as would willingly inveſtigate that ſcience without ſtudy or application. This will tend greatly to the edification of all juſtices of the peace, nurſes, midwives, country curates, and pariſh clerks, whoſe ideas ſeem at preſent to be a little confuſed, for want of a thorough knowledge of the intereſts and connections of the ſeveral ſtates of Europe,

and

and how the balance of power is to be maintained. I ſhall keep a watchful eye over the king of France and his miniſters, and will give timely notice of any intended invaſions, and direct meaſures to defeat ſuch invaſions in proper time. I ſhall find means of inſtructing the other powers of Europe in their true and natural intereſts, and will communicate in this paper the intelligence I ſhall from time to time receive from the ſaid powers; ſo that the public ſhall always be apprized beforehand of the meaſures they intend to take.

WHEN I conſider the vaſt utility of this my undertaking, I cannot be too thankful for the abilities I am bleſſed with for the carrying it on to the univerſal ſatisfaction of all parties. My humanity is, I confeſs, a little hurt, by reflecting that while I am thus making a monopoly of politics and ſlander, I am doing an injury to thoſe of my brother authors, who have long lived by dealing out their occaſional portions of thoſe commodities. But I am comforted upon ſecond thoughts, that as this paper is publiſhed once a week, they will have continued opportunities of enriching their own larger compoſitions with the moſt ſhining parts

of

of it: and this they ſhall have free leave to do, provided that they add no conjectures of their own, or pretend to doubt the ſuperiority of my abilities, whereby diſputes may be raiſed upon any of thoſe facts which I ſhall think proper to advance. The ſame indulgence is hereby given to all writers or compilers of country news-papers in Great Britain and Ireland: for as I have only the good of my country at heart, I am deſirous of extending theſe my labours to the remoteſt parts of his Majeſty's dominions. I ſhall alſo have this farther ſatisfaction, that the general complaint of the country's being deſerted of inhabitants every winter may ceaſe; as by means of this circulation, every private gentleman may reſide conſtantly at his ſeat, and every clergyman at his living, without being obliged once a year to pay a viſit to London, in order to ſtudy politics, and inſtruct the adminiſtration.

But a much greater advantage than any yet mentioned, remains ſtill to be told. The circulation of this paper will not be confined to Great Britain and Ireland; it will doubtleſs be demanded in all the courts, cities and large towns

towns of Europe; by which means our enemies on the continent, finding the ſuperiority of our wiſdom, and knowing by whom our counſellors are counſelled, will ſue to us for peace upon our own terms. In the mean time, as we are entering into a war, not of our own ſeeking, but merely in defence of our commerce, and for the protection and ſupport of our undoubted rights, I ſhall direct the adminiſtration how to raiſe ſuch ſupplies, as may enable us to carry it on with vigour and ſucceſs; and this I hope to effect to everybody's ſatisfaction, which, I humbly apprehend, has not always been the caſe.

I AM well aware that there are certain ſuperficial perſons in the world, who may fancy that they have not diſcovered in my writings hitherto, theſe marvellous abilities, to which I am now laying claim. To all ſuch I ſhall only anſwer, let the event decide: for I have always thought it beneath me to boaſt of talents ſuperior to other men, till the neceſſity of the times compel me to produce them. Thoſe who know me, will ſay of me what modeſty forbids I ſhould ſay of myſelf: indeed it has been owing to a very uncommon degree of

that

that ſheepiſh quality, that I have not let my readers into many ſecrets of myſelf, that would have amazed and confounded them.

I HAVE undertaken politics and ſlander at the ſame time, from a conſtant obſervation that there is a certain connection between thoſe ſciences, which it is difficult to break through. But I intend to vary from the common method, and ſhall ſometimes write politics without abuſe, and abuſe without politics. It may be feared, perhaps, that as I have hitherto received no reward for the great candour with which I have treated the adminiſtration during the courſe of this paper, I may encline to direct wrong meaſures out of pure ſpite; but I can aſſure my readers that ſuch fears are groundleſs: I have nothing at heart but the public good, and ſhall propoſe no meaſures but ſuch as are moſt apparently conducive to the honour and glory of my native country. In treating of theſe meaſures, I ſhall build nothing upon hypotheſis, but will go mathematically to work, and reduce every thing to demonſtration. For inſtance, if the war is only to be a naval one, I would inſtruct our miniſters (as a certain ingenious painter is ſaid

to

to draw) by the triangle. As thus. The end of war is an advantageous peace. Now ſuppoſe any triangle, equilateral or otherwiſe, where A ſhall ſignify the Engliſh fleet, B the French fleet, and C the above peace; the ſolution then will be no more than this, let the fleet A take the fleet B, and you produce the peace C. The ſame ſolution will do in a land war, where A and B may ſtand for armies inſtead of fleets.

HAVING now ſufficiently explained myſelf upon this important occaſion, I ſhall take leave of my readers till next Thurſday, at which time, unleſs I ſhould ſee reaſon to the contrary, I ſhall preſent them with a paper either of ſcandal or politics, which ſhall be to all their ſatisfactions.

NUMB. 139. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 28, 1755.

I HAVE judged it proper to poſtpone politics to another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of ſcandal, or whatever elſe they may pleaſe to call it, which has but juſt tranſpired, and which will quickly engage the converſation of all the beſt families in town and country. Thoſe who are unacquainted with the parties concerned, will I hope excuſe me for publiſhing only the initial letters of their names, or ſometimes no letters at all; their high rank, and the honourable offices they bear, demanding from me a little more complaiſance than I may probably ſhew to meaner perſons. At the ſame time I ſhould be ſorry to have it thought, that my tenderneſs upon this occaſion aroſe from any ſelfiſh conſiderations of the conſequences that might enſue: the ſword of a man of quality is no longer than that of another man, nor for any thing I have obſerved, is he a jot more dextrous

trous at drawing a trigger. My moderation proceeds from the great reſpect which is due from perſons in humble ſituations to men of high and illuſtrious birth: though at the ſame time I muſt take the liberty of declaring, that one or two ſtories more of the ſame nature with what I am now going to relate, will entirely cancel my regards, and encline me to treat them with all the freedom of an equal.

EVERYBODY knows, at leaſt everybody in genteel life, that the match between lord *** and miſs G—— was brought about by the old earl, and the young lady's aunt; at whoſe houſe my lord unfortunately ſaw, and fell deſperately in love with miſs L——, who was a diſtant relation of the aunt, and who happened to be there upon a viſit, at the time of his lordſhip's courtſhip to the neice. The character of miſs L—— is too notorious to require a place in this narrative; though I muſt do her the juſtice to own, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practiſed upon her, before ſhe was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man, whom ſhe knew to be the deſtined huſband of her moſt intimate friend.

THOSE]

THOSE who knew of the affair between my lord and miſs L—, endeavoured by every poſſible method to diſſuade miſs G— from the match; and indeed if that unfortunate young lady had not preferred a title to happineſs, ſhe had treated his lordſhip as he deſerved, from a thorough conviction that he had already beſtowed his affections upon miſs L——. But an union of hearts is by no means neceſſary in the marriages of the great. My lord and the old earl ſaw a thouſand charms in miſs G——'s large fortune; and the young lady and her aunt ſaw every thing in a title that could be wiſhed for in the married ſtate. The ceremony was performed ſoon after at the earl's houſe; and the young couple, though perfectly indifferent to each other, conducted themſelves ſo prudently in all companies, that thoſe who did not know them intimately, believed them to be very happy people.

THE old earl dying ſoon after, my lord ſucceeded to the eſtate and title of ***, and lived with his lady in all the magnificence and ſplendor which his large income could afford. His lordſhip had a conſiderable mortgage on the eſtate of Sir O—— S——; and it was

under

under pretence of ſettling ſome affairs with that gentleman, at his brother's ſeat near St. Alban's, that he ſet out the beginning of this month upon the expedition which has unhappily turned out ſo fatal to his peace. Colonel ***, a gentleman too well known for his gallantries among the ladies to need the initial letter of his name, was to be of his lordſhip's party; and though my lord had two ſets of horſes of his own, yet for certain reaſons, which may hereafter be gueſſed at, he hired a coach and ſix at Tubbs's, and ſet out on the Tueſday for St. Alban's, with intention, as was given out, to return on the Thurſday following.

I SHOULD have informed my readers, that lady ***, and the young viſcounteſs D——, who was ſaid to have a *tendre* for the colonel, were to meet them in the viſcounteſs's coach at Barnet on their return home, and that they were all to dine together at the Green Man. It was ſaid, I know, that doctor ***, who is a man of family, was of the ladies party: he had been an intimate acquaintance, and ſome ſay a lover of miſs G——, before her marriage with lord ***. The doctor is a man much

much more famous for his wit and addreſs than his practice; and is thought to be the author of a late extraordinary performance, which, however celebrated, in my humble opinion, reflects more honour on his invention, than either on his knowledge in politics, or his character as a moral man. But I will avoid circumſtances, and be as ſhort as I can.

Doctor ***, though he lives at St. James's end of the town, had been ſeveral times in that week at Batſon's and Child's coffee-houſes, and had drank chocolate with Sir E—— H—— the very Thurſday that lord *** and the colonel were to return from St. Alban's to meet lady *** and the viſcounteſs at the Green Man at Barnet. Many people are of opinion that the doctor was not of the party, but that he received his intelligence from one H—y, who had formerly been a ſteward of lord ***. But H—y denies the fact, and lays the whole miſchief on lady ***'s woman, who it ſeems had been houſekeeper to the doctor, when he lived in the ſquare. There are ſtrange reports of the doctor and this woman; but whether ſhe or

H—y

H—y was the contriver of this villany will appear hereafter. H—y is a man of a very indifferent character, and (I am not afraid of ſaying it) capable of undertaking any miſchief whatſoever.

LADY *** and the viſcounteſs, according to agreement, ſet out Thurſday at one o'clock for Barnet, and came to the Green Man, which was the place appointed for their dining. My lord and the colonel not being arrived, the viſcounteſs recollected that ſhe had an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, at about two miles diſtance, whom ſhe propoſed viſiting in a poſt-chaiſe, under pretence of ſaving her own horſes. As this acquaintanee of the viſcounteſs was a ſtranger to lady ***, her ladyſhip declined going with her friend, and agreed to amuſe herſelf with a book of novels till her return, or till the arrival of my lord and the colonel, which was every moment expected. The viſcounteſs ſtept immediately into the poſt-chaiſe; and ſoon after, as lady *** was looking out at the window of the inn, ſhe ſaw a coach and ſix drive by very haſtily towards London; and the landlord declares that he ſaw lord ***, and the colonel,

and two ladies in the coach, muffled up in cloaks. He alſo declares, that lady *** called out three times for the coach to ſtop, but that no one anſwered, and the coachman drove out of ſight in a few minutes.

I SHOULD have taken notice before, that ſoon as the viſcounteſs was gone upon her viſit, as lady *** was ſitting at the window next the road, the captain in quarters took great notice of her, and ſaid to the chambermaid, in her ladyſhip's hearing, that he would give up a whole year's pay to paſs the afternoon with ſo fine a creature: upon which lady *** frowned upon him very ſeverely, and began a ſmart converſation with him on his boldneſs and preſumption.

THE viſcounteſs, to the great ſurprize of lady ***, did not return till near ſix in the evening, and ſeemed in great confuſion while ſhe endeavoured to apologize for her abſence. But as lady *** was convinced that her lord was in the coach that drove ſo haſtily towards London, ſhe declared poſitively that ſhe would not ſtir a ſtep from the inn till he returned to fetch her; and inſiſted on the viſcounteſs's going immediately to town to inform him of

her reſolution. The viſcounteſs accordingly ſet out; and the captain was ſeen going up ſtairs ſoon after. But whether lord *** returned that night, or whether it was really his lordſhip's coach that paſſed by, is uncertain: however, lady *** has been miſſing ever ſince: and yeſterday a lady was found drowned in Roſamond's pond, who is ſuſpected to be her: for though lady *** was a thin woman, and wore a chintz gown that day, and the perſon taken out of the pond appeared to be fat, and was dreſſed in white; yet it is thought that by lying a long time under water, the body may be very much ſwelled, and the colours of the linen entirely diſcharged. One thing is certain, that lord *** is like a man diſtracted; the doctor, the ſteward, and my lady's woman are taken into cuſtody; and the colonel and the viſcounteſs are fled nobody knows whither.

I SHALL leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair; which I have brought into as ſhort a compaſs as I was able, with truth and perſpicuity. I am ſenſible that where names occur ſo often, and thoſe only marked with aſteriſks or initial letters,

ters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confuſion: and indeed I ſhould hardly have thought myſelf perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who was pleaſed to aſſure me, that he never met with any thing ſo plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumſtantial upon this occaſion, from a deſire of pointing out in the moſt perſpicuous manner the leading ſteps to this fatal cataſtrophe: for I am not ſatisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of perſons of quality, unleſs I can warn them by their example againſt falling into the like errors.

6 MA 50

INDEX.

A

ADDISON, *his ninety third* Spectator *recommended, and why*, page 37.
Affectation, *the ſource of folly, and the juſt object of ridicule*, 129.
Allegory, *a labyrinth in* Apollo's *garden, ſo called. See* Parnaſſus, 140.
Ancients, *their imperfect notions of honour*, 69.
Apollo, *deſcription of his temple. See* Parnaſſus, 143.
Arachne, *her character, an inſtance of bad temper*, 178.
Artiſts, *ancient, how nobly rewarded*, 125. *Modern ones, how ſhamefully neglected*, 126.
Athenians, *their paſſion for novelty*, 104. *Their extravagance in theatrical entertainments*, ibid.
Authors, Engliſh, *an encomium on them*, 271.

B

BEAUTY, *artleſs, its peculiar charms*, 2.
Beaux, *their character*, 261.
Belinda, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam *on the reaſonableneſs of ſelf-painting*, 42.
Birth, *the notion of it examined*, 77. *Great birth, noble birth, birth, and no birth at all, the true meaning of thoſe expreſſions*, 79.
Blanche, Olivia, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam *on the reaſonableneſs of ſelf-painting*, 44.
Blockhead, *an affected one deſcribed*, 131.
Bloods, *their characters*, 261.

C

COMPANY, *good and bad, their perpetual warfare*, 173.

Conſequence, *the vanity and affectation of being a man of that character*, 235.
Coxcomb, *an affected one deſcribed*, 131.
Critics, *their favourite terms, what*, 138. *Their courts of judicature greatly crowded, and why*, 141.
Cuſtom, *definition of it by a late noble author*, 61.

D

DETRACTION, *happineſs derived from it, and how*, 195.
Duel, *a remarkable one between a man of diſtinction and a dog*, 72.
Duelling, *the abſurdity of it ridiculed*, 68.
Dulneſs, *the prieſteſs of* Apollo, *how daily employed*, 144.

E

ENTERTAINMENTS, *theatrical, of the* Athenians, *their extravagance*, 104.
Envy, *her ingenuity, and in what it conſiſts*, 32.

F

Fable, *from* Lamottte *of* Jupiter's *lotteries*, 134.
Fardilla, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, *on ſelf-painting*, 39.
Faſhion, *a defence of the fair ſex on their acting up to the dictates of it*, 165. *The dominion of it ſometimes to be oppoſed*, 188.
Fitz-Adam, *Mr. his advice to the ladies on their painting*, 9. *His remarks on the numerous ſocieties for the propagation of eloquence*, 14. *His plan for writing hiſtory in taſte*, 19. *His eſſay on neighbourhood*, 28. *His account of the progreſs and reception of his paper*, 56. *Its great utility in curling of hair*, 60. *His diſintereſted zeal for the ſervice of the public*, 91. *His opinion of maſquerades*, 99.

His account of old and new Ranelagh, 101. *His dream on the fatal effects of the miſapplication of parts*, 218. *His invitation to his correſpondents to tranſmit to him pieces of ſcandal and politics*, 276. *His ſcandalous ſtory*, 284.

French, *their method of writing hiſtory*, 19. *Rules to be obſerved in it*, ibid.

G

GARDENER, *his neceſſary qualifications*, 122.

Gardening, *the modern mode of it, how beneficial to the publick*, 113.

Gardens, *of More-Park in* Hertfordſhire, *particularly taken notice of by Sir* William Temple, 114. *A beautiful one planned by* Milton *in his fourth book of* Paradiſe loſt, 115.

Goths, *their refinement in manners*, 70.

Gubbins, Humphry, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 37.

H

HAPPINESS, *the art of it illuſtrated*, 178.

Henry, *the eighth, the firſt introducer of maſquerades into* England, 100.

Hermetic Philoſophers, *very numerous in town*, 48.

Hilarius, *his character, an inſtance of the miſapplication of words*, 254.

Hiſtory, French, *the method of writing it*, 19.

Honour, *its true meaning, what*, 67. *Miſunderſtood by the ancients*, 69.

I

JEFFERYS, *Mr. his engravings for the maſquerade*, 103.

Indifference, *the moſt unhappy ſituation of marriage, and why*, 196.

Inoculation, *the practice of it ironically oppoſed*, 188.

Arguments

Arguments drawn againſt it from the great ſucceſs it has met with, 189.
Jupiter, *his lotteries, from* Lamotte, 134.

L

LABYRINTH *of allegory in* Apollo's *gardens at* Parnaſſus, *how reverenced by the ancients*, 140.
Ladies, *modern ones, leſs reſerved than thoſe among the ancients*, 167. *To what owing*, ibid.
Letter, *from* A. B. *on the pretenders to oratory*, 10. *From* Circumforaneus *on the ſame ſubject*, 17. *From* Humphry Gubbins, *on his viſit to a friend in town*, 37. *From* Fardilla *on the reaſonableneſs of ſelf-painting*, 39. *From* Myrtilla, *on the ſame*, 41. *From* Belinda, *on the ſame*, 42. *From* Olivia Blanche, *on the ſame*, 44. *From* A. Z. *on the Hermetic philoſophy*, 46. *From* Prudentio *on maſquerades*, 95. *From a correſpondent, deſcribing a journey to* Parnaſſus, 135. *From* T. M. *on the folly of engaging in a learned profeſſion without fortune or intereſt*, 46. *In defence of the fair ſex*, 164. *On the ſimilitude of* Solomon's *virtuous wife and a modern fine lady*, 201. *From* B. D. *on the idle expences of elections for parliament*, 204. *From* A. B. *on the proſtitution of characters given in behalf of bad ſervants*, 207. *From* M. S. *on the neglect of female merit*, 210. *From* Priſcilla Croſs-ſtitch, *on* Nankin *breeches*, 214. *From a lady on the belief of a providence*, 247. *From* W. M. *on the confuſion of our ideas by the abuſe of words*, 251. *From* R. L. *on the utility of noiſe*, 259. *From* A. C. *in praiſe of the* Engliſh *language, and* Engliſh *authors and tranſlators*, 268.
Liotard, *his behaviour to a lady who painted herſelf*, 2.

M

M'MANUS, Phelim, *his complaint of painted faces*, 4.
Man of honor, *modern acceptation of that character*, 67.
Maſquerades, *innocent in themſelves, and only dangerous from the gaming-table*, 99. *When, and by whom firſt brought into* England, 100.
Matrimony, *its moſt unhappy ſituation, what*, 196.
Meliſſa, *her character, an inſtance of good temper*, 180.
Morning, *an ode to it*, 183.
Myrtilla, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, *in defence of ſelf-painting*, 41.

N

NANKIN *breeches complaints againſt them*, 214.
Nature, *more impartial than generally thought to be*, 128.
Neighbour, *character of a good one*, 35. *Character of a bad neighbour*, ibid.
Neighbourhood, *various ideas entertained of it*, 28. *Duties of it, what*, 36.
Noiſe, *the various advantages ariſing from it*, 260.
Novelty, *the paſſion for it univerſal*, 103. *The* Athenians *peculiarly fond of it*, 104.

O

ODE, *to Morning*, 183.
Oratory, *the pretenders to it expoſed*, 14.

P

PARNASSUS, *a dream of it*, 135.
Patrick, *the footman, his* Nankin *breeches*, 214.
Pearl *powder, the expence of it in painting a lady's face*, 3.
Poets, *their various claſſes deſcribed*, 135.
Practitioners in phyſic, *their diſintereſted zeal for the ſervice of the public*, 86.

Prejudice, *not always an error*, 62. *To be connived at some times though an error*, ibid.
Profession, *the folly of engaging in a learned one without fortune or interest*, 152.
Providence, *the folly of complaining against the prevailing system of it*, 227. *The same subject farther considered*, 243.
Prudentio, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, *on the dangerous consequences of masquerades*, 95.

R

RAKE, *an affected one described*, 130.
Ranelagh, *old and new described*, 100.
Rhetoric, *a proposal for an easy way of teaching it*, 10.

S

Scott, *Sir* Thomas, *his epitaph*, 239.
Self-flattery, *the ape only of self-love*, 133.
Self-love, *its astonishing powers*, 85. *A natural and useful sentiment, if kept within bounds*, 133.
Self-painting, *epidemical*, 2. *The present state of it in its several degrees*, ibid. *Opinion of council on the crime of it*, 6. *The ladies to be indicted on the* black act *for painting* white, 7.
Septuaginary fine gentleman, *an affected one described*, 132.
Servants, *characters given of bad ones, a great grievance*, 207.
Sexaginary widow, *an affected one described*, 132.
Solomon's, *virtuous wife, the same with the modern fine lady*, 202.
Sombrinus, *his character, an instance of the misapplication of words*, 253.

T

TAYLOR, *Dr. his advertisement*, 88.
Translators *into the* English *language, their excellence*, 268.
Turtle-feast, *history of one*, 156.

V

VANDALS, *their refinement in manners*, 70.

W

WIFE, Solomon's *virtuous one, and the modern fine lady, they proved to be the same character*, 202.

Words, *the abuse or misapplicatiin of them apt to pervert men's morals*, 251.

The End of the Fourth Volume

6 MA 50